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NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT resumes next week, with the nation expectant rather than hopeful of any good result from its deliberations. The country is faced by an economic crisis of the first gravity, and the remedies it is offered are an alternative vote and a compulsory levy by trade unions on trade unionists' wages. Politicians seem unable to get out of their heads the idea that political action suffices to cure economic ills. The people know better.

The warning which Mr. Baldwin has addressed to the Conservative members of the Commons to be more punctual and regular in their attendance was fully justified; the muster of Tories at Westminster in 1929 and 1930 was frequently a disgrace to the party. Whether a more active and inspiring leadership, fewer speeches in the country about the beauty of the countryside and more encouragement of the younger and abler men would not of itself have produced more satisfactory attendances from the rank and file is a matter on which there may be two opinions. Let us hope that both leaders and led will now reform themselves and get to work.

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The Round Table Conference has this week followed the usual run of all Conferences—that is to say, it has proceeded from crisis to crisis towards something that can at least be represented as a formula of agreement. The fissure during the past few days has been rather over the Hindu-Moslem controversy again than the definition of the Responsibility at the Centre formula which occupied the stage last week, and the prolonged discussions have not as yet produced agreement.

It was too much to expect that they would, for the controversy goes back centuries, the social and religious differences are wide and deep, and even omitting these factors, the actual problem of representation raises complex issues. The position was hardly helped by a ridiculous suggestion—emanating from Hindu sources—to appoint a board of arbitration, two of whose members would be Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Gilbert Murray. At the moment of writing, the Sikh delegation still refuses to accommodate itself to majority suggestions.

The official statement by the Conservative Central Office as to Mr. Baldwin's responsibility for the American Debt Settlement has been denounced by Mr. Lloyd George and some of the newspapers—neither of which would have mattered much had the statement itself been informative and explicit. Most unfortunately, it was vague in the extreme, and as a contribution to history it will remain a negligible document.

One omission is particularly curious. Mr. Baldwin is accused in effect of letting the show down by agreeing in Washington to worse terms than Mr. Bonar Law would have agreed to in London, and affecting pictures are drawn of the then Prime Minister lamenting the weakness and folly of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had proved merely clay in the hands of the American potters. That may or may not be so, but it is curious that neither Mr. Baldwin nor his critics make any reference to the very different story told in the recently published 'Life of Ambassador George Harvey.'

There it is stated quite definitely that the debt settlement was virtually negotiated in advance in London, and an interesting picture is given of the three men—Bonar Law, Baldwin, and Harvey—smoking their pipes together in Downing Street while the matter was under discussion. Again, this may or may not be so, but it at least sounds more probable than the extraordinary stories that have been circulated of Mr. Baldwin agreeing to anything and everything in Washington and Mr. Bonar Law dying of a broken heart soon after.

Mr. Baldwin has been criticized before in this weekly, and he may not improbably be criticized again. But on this particular matter the published evidence is insufficient to form an opinion, and the attacks on him seem less than fair. They assume (a) that he cannot add up, (b) that he cannot say no, and (c) that he failed to consult his own Prime Minister during the negotiations. Any one of these charges might be true, but not all three together.

On the point of insufficient evidence there is one thing that needs saying: it is high time that an authoritative Life of Bonar Law was written. So far there has not, as far as I am aware, been even a short memoir. There may, of course, be nobody in the family who is prepared to undertake the work, and Lord Beaverbrook, Bonar's closest friend and political godson, has probably not the time. But it should not be difficult for him to arrange to have the biography adequately done, and I commend the idea to him as in the nature of a duty to his old leader and hero.

Mr. Lansbury is, of course, as fully entitled to found a Christian Socialist organization as Mr. Harold Cox would be to found a Society for the Propagation of Christian Individualism. These things are very much a matter of taste, and no doubt in this country our Christian Socialists will avoid the Christian Socialists of the Continent, where the term is simply a synonym for anti-Semitism.

All the same, political issues are already sufficiently tangled and it seems a pity to run the risk of making things worse by importing religious controversy into these problems. No doubt there is a good deal of Socialism in the Gospels, where the rich have rather the worst of it in the next world. But there seems also to be at least as much individualism, and the world will hardly be the gainer if Bishop Henson and Canon Donaldson begin hurling texts at each other. Lord Brentford, I see, has already made his voice heard.

The programme of the Council of the League is capable of producing surprises, and in any case it is likely to give rise to acrimonious controversy. Herr Curtius has waived his right to take the chair, as he wishes to bring forward the grievances of his fellow-countrymen in Poland, and the ensuing discussion is certain to be marked by bitterness. Indeed, it is a matter of regret that the subject should be raised at all, for the relations of Germany and Poland are bad enough already, without the fires of hate being stirred anew.

Then there is the date for the meeting of the Disarmament Conference to be fixed, and there is likely to be a good deal of discussion over that. The later the better is my own opinion, for these repeated conferences rarely leave matters in as satisfactory a position as they find them, and they often make them a good deal worse. I am no jingo, but I confess that I am frightened at the prospect of this country entering a Disarmament Conference while the present Government is in power.

Over all these debates "Uncle Arthur" is to preside, and his complete ignorance of the subjects at issue should render him an exceptionally impartial chairman. At the same time he will do well to remember that foreign statesmen cannot be "carpeted" like the Clydeside rebels, or put "on the mat" as he himself was by Mr. Lloyd George in war-days. At the best, too, the persuasive oratory of the lay-preacher loses much of its fervour in translation.

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Few married Catholics, I imagine, could quite suppress a smile when they read the papal rescript on matrimony last week. His Holiness is, after all, a bachelor, and married men know that no bachelor, not even a Pope, is infallible when he talks about that particular sacrament. (I never could understand why the Protestants refused its sacramental status.)

But in actual fact the Pope hedges so carefully that his pronouncement amounts to nothing at all. He lays down that wives should obey their husbands, but only their reasonable commands. Excellent in theory, but in practice this means that when a wife wants to obey her husband she will, but when she does not want to, she will tell him to behave like a reasonable being. In other words, the *status quo*.

Probably the fact will have to be faced sooner or later that the Pauline doctrine, on which orthodox Christian teaching of the relation of the sexes is based, regards the woman as definitely inferior to the man in every respect. But ordinary Christians, who have long agreed to honour this text in the breach rather than the observance, know perfectly well that in everyday life there is no such consistent inferiority of one sex, and the formal professions to the contrary begin to look rather ridiculous.

The Liberian scandals recall those of the Congo and the Putumayo, but with a difference. Then it was a case of the white man abusing his authority over the native, but in Liberia the tyranny is that of black over black. In short, it is apparently not only the presence of the European that prevents a country from being a Paradise for the native, since hell has been shown to exist in a land where no white man bears sway. I hope all the members of the Round Table Conference have read the Liberian Report and duly digested its conclusions.

I am, however, frankly puzzled to account for the fact that the party to which Mr. Yancy, who appears to have been the villain of the piece, belongs labels itself True Whig. Indeed, Whiggery seems to have found its last refuge in Liberia, where not only the President, but all the ten members of the Senate, and all the twenty-one members of the House of Representatives, are True Whigs. There is, I am informed, an Opposition called the People's Party, but the Liberian Whigs, like their English prototypes, seem to keep a pretty tight hold on the spoils of office.

If the supply of indentured labour is to be cut off from Fernando Po, the situation in that island will be serious, a Spanish friend tells me. When, about five years ago, Spain determined to develop her West African possessions, she was met by two difficulties—the number of concessions that have never been properly worked, and the shortage of native labour. The first of these was met by a Royal Decree cancelling all concessions that had not been developed, and the second by the agreement with the Liberian Government that has apparently been the cause of so much abuse.

On the mainland of Spanish Guinea the native population is of a superior type, and the problem there is not one of labour but of establishing satisfactory means of communication. Fernando Po, on the other hand, is populated by the dregs of the races that fled before the invader centuries ago. It is to be hoped that the Liberian scandals will not cause a set-back in the island's development, though I fear such a result.

Meanwhile, it will be interesting to see what steps are taken by the League of Nations. If the Liberian Government is willing, it can, I presume, appoint commissioners to see that the existing horrors come to an end, or it can entrust some Power with a Mandate for a term of years to put matters right, though in view of the general international situation this latter course is unlikely to be adopted. In any event, it is to be congratulated upon what it has done, and I hope, rather than expect, that its next step will be to investigate Russian labour conditions.

Public opinion has been deeply stirred and shocked by the publication of the late Sir Sefton Brancker's will. There have, of course, been previous cases where a man has omitted to make provision for his wife and family; none, I think, where any man in so prominent a position has forgotten what most people regard as an elementary duty in so public a fashion. The freedom of testamentary disposition is an important principle, but more than one person is asking whether the law should not now be revised in the case of direct dependents.

I must confess to a certain weariness of reading continual accounts of missing girls, particularly when they subsequently turn up happily married and the mothers of children. Whether it is the police or the Popular Press that is at fault I do not know, but there appears to be a widespread belief at the present time that if a girl leaves home after a quarrel with her relatives, she must necessarily be murdered in the near future.

Whatever the reason, no sooner can a girl be no longer traced by her relatives than fields are dug up, rivers dragged, and woods searched, all, of course, at the public expense. I do not say that in some cases there may not be cause for this, but the police would do well to canvass the possibility of an ordinary elopement first. In any event, I do not see why I, in the capacity of a reader of a newspaper, should be bothered with what in nine cases out of ten turn out to be nothing more than other people's affairs.

A correspondent writes: "It seems clear that, whatever the outcome of the Round Table Conference, the British, as well as the Indian, Army will be affected. Why not, then, adopt the French system of recruiting a Colonial Army for service in the Empire, and thus, so far as India is concerned, revert to the practice of John Company? The Cardwell system seems to be breaking down, and the battalions at home are considerably under strength owing to the necessity of keeping those in India up to establishment."

RAILWAYS AND THE ROYAL COMMISSION

THE final report of the Royal Commission on Transport, issued at the end of last week, concerns itself mostly with the railways, excluding the London Underground system. The commissioners make a number of far-reaching recommendations which may be regarded as in the nature of counsels of perfection; the findings are excellent in their way, but they appear to be based on the doctrine of damn the expense. Alternatively, the commissioners do not seem to have devoted sufficient attention to the question of how the money is to be found to pay for their suggested reforms.

The principal recommendations are the wholesale electrification of suburban lines, in the provinces as well as the London area; a general speeding up of passenger train services; a more considerable provision of high-capacity wagons, especially for use by the iron and steel industries; a "general revision and lowering" of fares; and the closing of little-used branch lines. This last is somewhat unnecessary advice, since the companies have for some time been adopting the practice on their own initiative; nearly a hundred and eighty stations have within a relatively short period been closed to passenger traffic; many branches are now being used only for goods traffic, and powers have even been sought for the abandonment of certain sections of line. Incidentally, in their official reply to the report, the companies emphasize that one of the principal objects of their policy in entering into working arrangements with road transport undertakings—which the commissioners condemn—is to enable them "to discontinue the large number of unremunerative passenger services on branch lines."

That the commissioners would put electrification in the forefront was only to have been anticipated. A considerable school of thought, many of whose members have no knowledge of practical operating conditions, have for years advocated electrification as a species of railway panacea. It is true, as the commissioners point out, that traffic facilities create traffic (a doctrine regarded by railwaymen as axiomatic), and experience to date has abundantly demonstrated that conversion from steam to electric traction does create new sources of business in addition to stimulating those already in existence. But the conditions must be suitable, since there is a limit to the degree of maximum stimulation, and the fact that electrification will increase the volume of traffic on a given line does not necessarily indicate that the financial results will justify the expenditure.

Finance has, in fact, been the rock on which many proposed schemes of electrification have foundered in this country. For instance, in a report which has never been made public, one of the best-known British electrical engineers, who has had practical experience of the conversion of steam lines, categorically placed it on record that the electrification of a certain typical section of main line would not be justified unless the railway company could obtain electrical current at between a farthing and a fifth of a penny the unit. Energy

at this price is, of course, not available, and does not even appear in sight.

As advocates of electrification will quite justifiably quote the Southern, it may be useful to examine this particular instance. Since the Armistice, the Southern has brought into being the largest electrified suburban network in the world, while it owns a greater electrically operated mileage than the other three groups combined. But its geographical and traffic position are exceptional. An abnormally large proportion of the total mileage is concentrated within a radius of twenty miles of London, where it has as many as nine termini, while the area within this radius is densely populated and has recently considerably increased its population as the result of housing developments that have converted rural districts into important new townships.

Such conditions are ideal for electrification, both from the standpoint of stimulating and creating traffic, and because in such circumstances conversion from steam traction reduces track congestion, increases the traffic handling capacity of the lines, and eliminates, or largely eliminates, expenditure on costly track widenings and station enlargements which would otherwise be necessary merely for the better handling of the existing rush-hour traffic. But it does not necessarily follow that the success of the Southern's policy would justify the expenditure that would be incurred in electrifying suburban lines in the Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh and Glasgow districts, although it will be all to the good if the possibilities in those and comparable areas be fully investigated.

The cry for larger wagons is periodically uttered by our railway reformers, and even served as a recent election cry. Every railwayman would like to use the largest wagons he could, since one twenty-ton vehicle costs less to build and maintain than two ten-tonners, occupies a smaller amount of space on the running lines and in the sidings, and requires less locomotive power for its haulage. Unfortunately, the traffic manager has to give his customers the service they want, and the big wagon has, in the main, never been popular with British railway users. This is largely due to the development of a service to which no other country can afford a parallel, based on the quick transport of small consignments, so that a London warehouseman who telephones Manchester on Monday afternoon for a parcel of shirtings will find them duly unloaded when he arrives at his place of business on Tuesday morning.

The provision of such a service is incompatible with the large wagon, which demands either large consignments or detention until a full load is secured. The former condition does not exist in England, as is shown by the fact that of the merchandise handled at so representative a centre as Broad Street goods station not one twentieth of the individual consignments exceeds a ton in weight. Detention to secure a full wagon-load would slow down the whole working, and eliminate our unique service of express goods trains, which now covers virtually the whole of the country. Such a transport revolution is rather an excessive price to pay for the theoretical advantages of the high-capacity wagon.

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This particular problem is further complicated by the fact that out of approximately 1,300,000 goods wagons in service, over 600,000 are privately owned, the majority by the coal trade. In no other country is there a comparable proportion of wagons outside the ownership of the railways themselves, and British private owners, rightly or wrongly, do not favour the large wagon, as is shown by the fact that special inducements to use twenty-ton vehicles by granting a rebate on freight rates and affording financial assistance towards purchase have on the whole been conspicuously lacking in success.

Finally, there is the question of fares. Here a policy of bold experiment might conceivably justify itself. The existing position is in any event so anomalous that it would be worth while to consider the possibility of radical alteration. Theoretically, passenger charges are based on a uniform scale, approximately 50 per cent. above the pre-war level, as sanctioned by the Railway Rates Tribunal. But in practice, over half the total number of tickets issued are sold at cheaper fares, and the proportion of cheap to standard fares tends constantly to increase. It would obviously be simpler if this system of varying charges were replaced by one of uniform rates, which was theoretically the idea of the Legislature in passing the Railways Act, 1921. But the difficulty is so to adjust the scale of charges that a reduction in the standard rate would produce a larger aggregate net revenue through the resulting stimulation of traffic. Moreover, the enforcement of new uniform standard rates lower than those now charged would apparently necessitate the raising of many of the present cheap fares available, such as the fare and a third for a double journey made on a week-end ticket. Uniform charges are extraordinarily attractive in theory, but in practice the system bristles with difficulties not realized by the layman.

THE NEW CONSCRIPTION

By CYRIL MARTIN

ANYONE who goes to our nationalized book-shop in Kingsway and asks for a copy of the Government's Trade Disputes and Trade Unions (Amendment) Bill will experience two sensations. He will first realize the difference between a nationalized book-shop and one conducted by private enterprise; he will find no eager assistant hurrying to supply his needs, but will have to wait his turn behind a substantial counter and eventually be served by an assistant who gives the impression of having served his apprenticeship in a Post Office. Secondly, when he has at length obtained what he wants, he will find that he is quite unable to understand the Bill.

The new Bill is utterly meaningless by itself. The old method of "legislation by reference" has been adopted. Sections of existing Acts of Parliament are mentioned and the Bill proceeds to decree their deletion. Other sections of existing Acts are mentioned for the purposes of being modified. Without a close study of these earlier Acts the present Bill is unintelligible. A memorandum that accompanies the Bill is a little more helpful. It gives the text of the Act of 1927 as it will appear if the present Bill ever becomes law. Black lines show the words that are to be inserted, but words in the Act of 1927 which are to be cut out by the new Bill are omitted, empty brackets being placed to show where

the omissions are. So even with the memorandum, the purchaser of a copy of the Bill will have to hurry back to the shop to buy a copy of the Act of 1927. He may hurry back, but there will be no hurrying once he is back in H.M. Shop.

Before trying to explain the new Bill, I had better say a few words about past history. Long before 1906, when a Liberal Government passed the notorious Trade Disputes Act, the legal position of Trade Unions was extremely unsatisfactory. The House of Lords, in its capacity as supreme court of appeal, had given certain judgments which upset many of the fundamental practices of Trade Unions. It was customary in Trade Union circles at that time to abuse our judges and to protest against their ignorance of industrial conditions. But the blame should have fallen not on the judges, but on Parliament.

When owing to the industrial revolution Trade Unions became an important factor in our industrial life, Parliament passed several Acts about them, but never did our legislators work out an adequate code of law to govern them. The consequence was that our courts of law were left to wrestle with Trade Union problems on legal principles that had come from the pre-Trade Union age. Doctrines about "restraint of trade" and "conspiracy" were never adequately modified by Parliament. So, when litigation arose about the rights of Trade Unions to interfere in trade disputes or to meddle in politics, our judges had to decide according to these ancient theories. Judges under our system can often modify what is known as the "common law," but they cannot suddenly reverse existing legal doctrines when new circumstances arise. That is the function of Parliament. But in the case of Trade Unions, Parliament never worked out an adequate Trade Union code.

So in 1906, after some sensational and hopelessly impracticable decisions of the House of Lords, Parliament passed the Trade Disputes Act to reverse bits of the law as declared by the House of Lords. The story of the passing of that Act is not a pretty one. The Act that was passed put Trade Unions above the law, but this was not the original intention of the Liberal Government of the day. That Government was coerced by the Labour members, and the Unionist Party had not the courage to do more than grumble. On November 6, 1906, Lord Balfour in the House of Commons said that "the Bill, as it had gone through, must be accepted." And the House of Lords, in its legislative capacity, did not think that this was favourable ground for fighting the Liberal Government; so it accordingly passed the Bill. Expediency triumphed.

The General Strike of 1926 was the inevitable result of the Act of 1906; but for the war it must have come sooner. From 1906 onwards Trade Union leaders had swollen heads and the law had placed their activities in a privileged position. The crippling judgments of the House of Lords had been superseded by legislation which facilitated anti-social activities.

While the General Strike was in progress, the Court of Chancery, in the case of National Sailors' and Firemen's Union *v.* Reed, decided that "the so-called General Strike called by the Trade Union Congress is illegal and those persons inciting or taking part in it are not protected by the Trade Disputes Act of 1906." But this case was never taken to the courts of appeal. A few lawyers (Sir John Simon in particular) urged that this decision was so clearly sound law that further legislation was not necessary. But the Conservative Government of the day refused to agree. So the Act of 1927 was passed.

Now let us see what the Act of 1927 achieved and what the alterations proposed in the Government's new Bill will mean.

The Act of 1927 defined what strikes and lock-outs were to be illegal. Any strike is now illegal if it (1) has any object other than the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are

engaged and (2) is a strike calculated to coerce the Government, either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community. It is illegal to spend money in support of any illegal strike. Other paragraphs limit the meaning of "trade dispute." The whole of this is to be repealed by the new Bill and in its place we are to be content with a clause which, while keeping up an appearance that certain strikes are illegal, limits the illegality to strikes "of which the primary object is an object other than that of furthering purposes connected with the employment or non-employment, or the terms of the employment, or with the conditions of labour, of any person (whether or not employed in the trade or industry in which the strike takes place)." Thus sympathetic strikes will become definitely legal and a motive to coerce the Government by inflicting hardships upon the community will not render a strike illegal.

The Act of 1927 made it clear that the protection given by the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 shall not cover acts done in an illegal strike. This provision is to go entirely.

Intimidation during a trade dispute was penalized by the Act of 1927, but the new Bill says that "intimidation" shall mean only a reasonable apprehension of personal injury. The Act of 1927 defined "injury" as including "injury to a person in respect of his business, occupation, employment, or other source of income." This also is to be jettisoned.

All the provisions of the Act of 1927 against compelling trade unionists to subscribe to political funds are to be repealed by the Bill and, should the Bill become law, trade unionists will once again be forced to subscribe to the Labour Party unless they are prepared to face the ostracism and persecution consequent upon a deliberate refusal.

The Act of 1927 prevented civil servants and municipal servants from associating themselves with trade union organizations outside their own service. These provisions are removed by the Bill and thus the Civil Service will be free to affiliate itself with the Trade Union Congress.

Further, the Act of 1927 provided penalties for "any person employed by a local or other public authority" who wilfully breaks his contract of service knowing, or having reasonable cause to believe, that "the probable consequences of his so doing will be to cause injury to the community." This provision is also to go.

One other important change must be mentioned. The Act of 1927 gave power to the High Court to declare a strike or lock-out illegal. Henceforth this power is only to operate if "the Attorney-General is a party to the proceedings."

The above is, of course, an abbreviated account of the two measures and lawyers will find it easy to show its inadequacy. But I am writing for laymen and for them it is, I hope, sufficiently accurate.

Speaking generally, the new Bill legalizes sympathetic strikes, facilitates the conscription of trade unionists' wages for the Labour Party funds, enables public servants to be disloyal to the public whom they serve and places all workers in jeopardy who commit the crime of not agreeing with the political opinions of their Union leaders. The Bill will make repetition of the General Strike of 1926 legal and will put all workers at the mercy of the caucuses of the Trade Unions. It is essentially a Bill promoted by Trade Union leaders, who, like the Brahmins in India, hate the power that stands for liberty and individual freedom.

If the British public swallow this Bill, they had better be consistent all round. They should legally establish the Roman Catholic Church, abolish the Ballot Act, provide that writs of Habeas Corpus shall only be issued if the Trade Union Congress allow and generally revise all our laws so that liberty of thought and action shall be no more. This Bill is essentially one for the conscription of opinion at the dictation of Trade Union leaders.

DANZIG AND THE "CORRIDOR"

By LUIGI VILLARI

OF all the quaint conceits evolved by the Peace Conference the situation established for Danzig with the adjoining Polish "Corridor" is the quaintest. It would, indeed, be comic if it were not fraught with such serious possibilities of strife. At first sight it would seem incredible that men otherwise of presumably sound mind could have created such a situation. When one goes into the history of the Danzig settlement, the various phases by which it was arrived at appear less illogical; yet when the final result is considered, it cannot but appear preposterous.

Danzig is not a place one is likely to visit, except for special reasons. It is not on the way to anywhere and is so remote from the main lines of travel that few include it in their itinerary. I had the chance of visiting it a few weeks ago because the autumn session of the Federation of League of Nations Societies was held there—not a bad choice, as it gave the delegates from over a score of countries, all devotees of the League idea and of world peace, an ocular demonstration of one of the most thorny problems of the present international situation; a problem apparently insoluble, which must, somehow or other, be solved.

The bare terms of the problem suffice to show its intricacies. Poland, a country of 30,000,000 inhabitants, demanded an outlet to the sea and the annexation of those parts of Germany containing a predominantly Polish population, neither of them unreasonable requests. Unfortunately, while the population of East Prussia is unquestionably German, that of West Prussia is predominantly Polish, so that if Poland's ethnical claims were to be satisfied, the former province must be cut off from the rest of Germany by a strip of Polish territory.

Moreover, the capital of West Prussia, the ancient Hanseatic city of Danzig, is inhabited by a purely German population; it controls the mouth of the Vistula, Poland's chief avenue to the sea, while the rest of the West Prussian coast had then no other seaport. In view of the ethnical composition of West Prussia, at the Peace Conference that province was assigned to Poland, but Danzig, also out of respect for the ethnical principle and that of "self-determination," was not included in it; it was erected into a free city, independent of Germany, but with a local German government of its own. The Danzigers had no wish to be separated from Germany, to whom they were attached by ties of race, sentiment and historic tradition, and had no use for the "self-determination" forcibly imposed upon them. But, above all, they did not wish to be incorporated in Poland as the Poles would have preferred, and so accepted independence as the lesser of the two evils. Their independence, however, is not quite complete—it is a case of *allegro, ma non troppo*, and as Poland wished to avail herself of the facilities of the port of Danzig, she was given certain rights of way over the railways leading to it and over the river channel and the harbour. The right of representing Danzig diplomatically was also conferred on the Polish State, and the Free City is within the Polish customs zone.

Danzig has its own coinage and its own State bank of issue, and the Polish State Bank does not operate within the Free City; but if the latter wishes to raise a loan, it must do so through Poland.

In view of the peculiar relations between Poland and Danzig it was provided that a High Commissioner should be appointed by the League of Nations to hold the balance; the appointment is for three years and the person selected must, of course, be neither a German, a Danziger nor a Pole. The first incumbent was the British General Haking, the second the Dutch

head of the legal section of the League Secretariat, Dr. Van Hamel, and the present High Commissioner is Count Manfredi Gravina, a distinguished ex-naval officer; he has, strange to say, succeeded in making himself popular both with the Danzigers and the Poles, because, apart from his ability and tact, the latter like him because he is an Italian and the former because he is the grandson of Hans von Bülow and Frau Cosima Wagner, a musical connexion which endears him to every Teuton. The port is under another League of Nations official—a Swiss at present.

The frontiers and frontier services between Danzig, Germany and Poland are as fantastic as the whole Danzig settlement, and indeed the journey to Danzig is in itself sufficient to make travellers realize the peculiarities of the situation. A fast train conveys us from Berlin across the dreary wastes of Brandenburg to Choinice, the Polish frontier station where the famous corridor begins. After Choinice everything is Polish—locomotives, guards, station staffs, notices and place-names. We are whisked across the "Corridor" without a stop to the second Polish-German frontier station, a place which the Germans call Dirschau and the Poles Tcew, and here the "Corridor" ends. If we have a Polish visa to our passports, we get out, descend into a subway, where passports and luggage are examined, and ascend on to another platform, separated from the one whence we came by a wire fence; another train conveys us thence to Danzig. If we have not the precious visa, we remain in the German train and go on to the grim old castle of Marienburg, once a stronghold of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, which is again in German territory, a tiny fragment of West Prussia still left to the Reich. Here we change into a local train, which brings us back to Dirschau-Tcew, but on the Danzig side of the station (beyond the wire fence) and thence on to Danzig itself. There we are again in a purely German city, German in its picturesque architecture, medieval, Renaissance and rococo, and German in its population and language. Nothing is omitted to prevent the stranger from forgetting the *Deutschtum* of Danzig. In the Rathaus a German flag is hung up, "to show," as the guide told us "that Danzig was wrested from the Fatherland against the will of the people."

But although the Peace Conference assigned the "Corridor" to Poland and invested her with certain rights over the city and port, the situation was by no means satisfactorily settled even from the Polish point of view. During the war between Poland and the Soviets in 1920 the Danzigers made the mistake of refusing to allow the transit of munitions to Poland through their port. The Poles consequently set themselves to create an entirely new port of their own at Gdynia, a small fishing village within the "Corridor," some 15 kilometres N.W. of Danzig. Intended at first for military use, it has developed into a very large commercial port, equipped with all the latest modern appliances (provided, oddly enough, by German industry) and connected by rail with the interior of Poland. The Danzigers now complain that the one advantage promised them in compensation for their new and undesired status—the Polish transit trade—is being filched from them, that the Polish Government neglects to clear the upper reaches of the Vistula, and facilitates the transport of goods to and from Poland via Gdynia rather than via Danzig. The Poles, on the other hand, claim that their trade is large enough to feed both Danzig and Gdynia, and, indeed, that these two ports cannot absorb it all, as much of it flows through Trieste, the Danube and other routes. At present the trade of Danzig is still far larger than that of Gdynia and the port conditions appear more favourable.

But what of the future? Every German, from the extreme Junker and Nationalist to the reddest

Communist, regards the present situation—the cutting off of East Prussia from the rest of the Reich by the Polish "Corridor"—as intolerable. Every Pole is equally determined that no modification of it shall even be considered, and the Polish Government is busily importing still more Poles into the "Corridor" so as to increase the Polish majority. It is extremely difficult to suggest any solution to-day. At the time of the Peace Conference it might have been possible to give Poland her outlet to the sea by obliging Poles and Lithuanians to come together into a single State as they were in the past; Memel would have been the Polish-Lithuanian port and as much of West Prussia would have been assigned to Poland as possible without cutting off East Prussia from Germany, while Danzig, although remaining part of Germany, would have served for a part of Poland's trade as she always had done. Even to-day this solution appears theoretically the most reasonable, but it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to make all parties agree to it.

A MODERNIST RESTATEMENT

III—THE TRINITY

BY THE REV. J. C. HARDWICK *

THE doctrine of the Trinity is usually stated to be a mystery, and as expounded in the Athanasian Creed the layman certainly finds it so. However, we must remember that as St. Paul and his contemporaries used the term "mystery," it meant for them not something difficult to elucidate or understand (in what may be called the Edgar Wallace sense), but a truth, whether simple or difficult, which was revealed to a few. It was more or less equivalent to our word "secret." A "mystery religion," such as Mithraism, which was a strong rival to nascent Christianity, supplied to its initiates a certain esoteric or secret doctrine, which would ensure salvation in this life and immortality beyond the grave. The doctrine of these mystery religions was carefully guarded, and imparted to the individual at his initiation. The point about the doctrine was not that it was incomprehensible (there is no advantage in that), but that it was secret.

Of course, the formulation of the doctrine of the Trinity which we have in the Athanasian Creed is three and a half centuries later than St. Paul. But the germ of its teaching is present in his Epistles, and he would certainly have regarded that germinal doctrine in the light of a secret truth, and not in the light of an incomprehensible mystery in our later sense of the word. St. Paul tried to think as clearly as he was able, and though he believed that the truth had only been revealed to a few, he had quite clear ideas about it in his own mind. He attached no religious value to incomprehensibility as such—as some later theologians have appeared to do.

Now it must be admitted that "secret" doctrines of this sort are suspect nowadays. It is felt that if a truth is worth knowing, it can be stated, and ought to be stated, so as to be understood and accepted by everybody. Partly, this optimism is due to democratic theory, according to which one man's brain is as good as another's; partly it is due to the vogue of natural science, which claims to supply truths for universal consumption that any man can prove for himself

* "It has to be remembered," says the Bishop of Birmingham, "that the Church of England is passing through a period of change when it is trying to discover its own doctrinal position." The truth of that statement being self-evident, we have requested one of the acknowledged representatives of the Modernist movement to examine four of the leading Christian doctrines in the light of contemporary thought. The remaining article will appear next week.

if he takes the trouble. Perhaps this naïve theory has to some extent been weakened by the new physics, which only about a dozen experts in the world can understand, still less prove; but the influence of this new mystery religion has not permeated deeply enough yet to affect the situation. The plain man still believes that truth is a plain thing which can be demonstrated to everyone who is not a blockhead. Would that it were so!

Hence, if the doctrine of the Trinity is to be taken seriously to-day by the general public, it must make out a case for itself as being a reasonable doctrine which squares, more or less, with known facts, and which elucidates truths that could not be so well elucidated by other means. If the exponents of the doctrine cannot make a fair attempt to do this, they must not be surprised if the world declines to take any stock in their theories. In these days antiquity is no recommendation—far otherwise; and if old ideas are to survive, they can only do so on their merits.

Now the formula of the doctrine of the Trinity is that in the unity of the Godhead there are three Persons. To the popular mind this idea presents itself in the shape of three self-contained and mutually exclusive individuals—a sort of Big Three. Christian art throughout the centuries has pictured the three Persons in this, perhaps inevitable, fashion. The Father is an old and venerable figure seated on a throne; the Son is a younger and less austere figure seated on his right hand, while the Holy Ghost (an idea which presents difficulties for pictorial representation) is perhaps delineated as a dove fluttering overhead.

In Catholic countries the first Person of the Trinity has tended to retire into the background. The young High Church curate who confessed to a lack of interest in God the Father was in the true Catholic tradition. It was the Reformers who disinterred the Jehovah of the Old Testament and placed him in the centre of the picture. Catholics have been content to surround the Father with opaque clouds, and to concentrate on the Son, and still more, perhaps, upon the divine Mother, who for practical purposes took over the functions of the third Person of the Trinity.

But although this delightfully crude tritheism has always been present in popular religion (it is by no means sufficiently excluded in the Church of England Catechism, which is thus responsible for much heretical doctrine), the theologians have never accepted it in that form. To them tritheism is heresy. "And yet they are not three Gods, but one God," says the Athanasian Creed. The theologian is aware that the Latin word *persona*, translated "person" in the Creed, has no such meaning. It originally meant a mask, or character in a play, and sometimes the part or rôle itself. Then theology used the word to signify "mode of existence"; or the special or characteristic nature of a thing, as contrasted with its generic nature. "Manifestation" would not be an incorrect translation. Perhaps we might illustrate the use of the word by saying that the Dean of St. Paul's has two "*personæ*," or modes of existence, or special manifestations of his inner nature. He is revealed both as an ecclesiastical dignitary and as a brilliant journalist. These "manifestations" serve to "reveal" him to the world which has come to know him by means of them. Yet there are not two Dr. Inges, but one Dr. Inge; not two Deans, but one Dean; not two brilliant journalists, but one brilliant journalist. The careful repetitions of the Athanasian Creed are only meant to make this point clear—that the manifestations are manifestations of the one God, and have no separate existence apart from that God.

The value of this theory of a God revealed in more than one way seems to me solid at the present time, as it enables us to do what is necessary as well as difficult, i.e., to identify the God of nature with the God of religion. If we can say that nature reveals one aspect of God, while Jesus reveals another aspect,

though it is the same God who is revealed in either case, we cut the ground from under the sort of dualism which says that the universe is indifferent or hostile to man, and that his ideals, whether moral, religious or æsthetic, have no foundation in the nature of things, but are "human, all too human." This guarantee of human ideals is re-enforced when to the above two manifestations of God there is added a third. By the addition of the third "person" to the Trinity it is laid down that the God who is revealed in nature and in Jesus is also revealed in the creative activity of man. Thus the objective value of human ideals is placed on the firmest of bases; these values are regarded not so much as a revelation of human nature as a revelation of the divine nature. They not only acquire a sort of sanctity, but are regarded as destined in the end to be realized, for, as St. Paul said in his famous eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "If God is on our side, who can be against us?"

To many this will appear as a most presumptuous claim. To declare that the cosmos has any interest at all in the human race or its ideals will seem ludicrous. Such persons may well be right. To argue otherwise is not my present concern. The point I wish to make is that the doctrine of the Trinity, whether true or not, does constitute an attempt to solve a problem which still presents itself and is no less important to-day than it was in the first century. Is the universe, or the power behind it, indifferent to man, or is man, somehow, the crown of the creative process? The doctrine of the Trinity, which regards the perfect Man, Jesus, as embodying the divine purpose in creation, and which regards the human race as the vehicle of the divine Spirit, constitutes the most emphatic possible formulation of the view that the God of nature and the God of the human heart are, in spite of all apparent contradictions, one and the same. It may take an effort of faith to accept this view, which, to be sure, is at present rather out of fashion, but we cannot say that it is inherently absurd, still less that it is irrelevant. The doctrine does attempt to solve a problem which meets everyone upon the very threshold of religion. It sees where the problem lies and offers an answer.

Thus the doctrine of the Trinity is not necessarily the quaint piece of Semitic or Oriental mythology which at first, no doubt, it appears to be. It offers an answer to questions which are still being asked, and which, so far as we can see, will continue to be asked so long as the human race continues to be interested in the ultimate fate of its own highest values.

CONVERSATION IN AN INN

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

WE are all very travelled at "The Green Man" except for two or three old gaffers whose farthest from home has been the county town on Fair Days. Mrs. Martlet's gardener, Mr. Huxter's chauffeur and the Manor woodsman are all old sailors; then there are five fishermen, all of the Royal Navy. The army is comprised of a cowman and a carter who fought in Italy and Palestine. Myself I have wandered about over Europe and Northern Africa, and saw the war in and out via the Admiralty, the North Sea and France. But it is rare for our conversation to go far afield because we find local matters very absorbing.

We may begin talking far afield, but it is only preliminary to arriving here or a village or so away. Occasionally we are visited by a delightful scapegrace, a youngish man who fails smilingly at almost every pursuit except poaching or flower-growing. He is one of those people for whom flowers grow no matter the weather and we go to him for advice or help in

our gardens. Above all things he has an astounding knowledge of the world's public-houses, tea gardens, cafés and disreputable hotels. No one knows where he gets his money from, but we all have theories.

One evening, when we were all sitting with our pint mugs before us and a pleasant haze of smoke hung about the room, I broached a topic uppermost in my mind. "I have often heard of fairies in this part of the world," I said, "but I've never but once met a man who swore to them."

A curious, shy silence fell upon the group and the young man looked at me as if I was a brick-dropping idiot. Then old Sam Castle spoke. "I known one," he said. The tension relaxed, but no one smiled. One of the gaffers spat and not musically.

"Leastways, my girl did," said Sam.

My mind went at once to the churchyard where Sam's daughter is laid next to old Mrs. Honeybun, but I said nothing.

"May twelve years 'twas," said Sam. "She was a upgrowing lass, eighteen or thereabouts, powerful good to me, my prop I used to call 'er: and a fairy took 'er."

I was surprised to see the young man's knuckles go white.

"You mind the time," said old Sam, "when we ketchten ten thousand mackerel in the morning and six thousand the next day?"

"Aye, I do that," said one of the fishermen.

"I came home all scaly like and there was bunches of flowers in the windows and all the brass shining and my girl singing, and all the place shipshape instead of being cluttered up wi' two and threes. I felt that queer I come over here for my pint before I went indoors. I seen all what I told you through the open window. Then I went in our back way and had a wash and clean up in the kitchen and come in to me dinner with me hair brushed, yes I did. 'What luck, dad?' she asked me all bright like with two spots of red to her cheeks what hadn't been there since mother died. So I telled her and set down to a tasty morsel and a baking of new bread, and she had me pint all drawed and ready. 'Queer,' I thought, but I didn't say nothing. After a while she said in a funny sort of voice, leastways, I thought so, 'I've had a friend in to help.' She'd ate her food better than she had for weeks, months you wid say. I didn't say naught, but I thought a lot because my girl she wasn't one for friends. Nicely spoken always, but never taking no fancies like. Then she says 'Dad, do you believe in fairies?' There ain't been no insanity in my family as I know of, so I says quiet like, 'I do know old Mrs. Flower's cow was overlooked.' 'That was a bad one,' she says, laughing quite natural. 'Some's good, some's bad, like people.'

"I dussent ask her no more not for weeks; it don't do to ask people overmuch when they get fancies like, but what made me feel queer was to hear her sing in some foreign language and talk, when she didn't know I was by, as if there was somebody else in the house. And she took to sitting in the parlour weekdays, a thing I never seen done in my house not in forty year, and I heard her sing one day to that stuffed owl what I've got. 'They shot you, you poor thing, and wouldn't let you fly no more.' It give me the creeps, but I didn't say nothing for she got to look so well and laughing, for all I thought she seemed thin and coughed a lot in the night.

"Then one day dinner time I up and made bold to ask her about this fairy, and she come over to me and put her head against mine and said: 'Don't you worrit, dad, it's all right. She's a good one and keeps me happy.'

"Well, it was mackerel time and visitors about. and my lobster pots was doing prime, and one thing and another I was doing well and kep' busy and my girl would come down to the beach with my dinner

and see I ate it, and I was captain of the seine boat then, so I didn't give much heed to what was doing up along till one day old Miss Martlet, sister-in-law to your lady, George, she come up to me and says, 'You ought to have a doctor to your girl, Mr. Castle.' So's I'd wanted a tooth out four months and more, I goes into the doctor unbeknown to my girl and I asks him to kindly pop over, which he done. The doctor 'e listened to I and then 'e 'ems and 'aws and says, 'So that's it, is it?' quite quiet like. 'I'll come over and see 'er': which 'e done." He took a deep draught at his ale, looked sadly at the bottom of the pint pot, and I called for another.

"What did the doctor say?" I asked.

"'E says 'Look after your girl, Sam,' 'e says, 'Feed 'er up well and see she's out o' doors as much as possible. Don't take no notice of the fairy,' 'e says. 'Never take away a belief so long as it's wholesome.' 'But,' I says, 'It's against Nature.' Then he puts 'is 'and on me arm and says, 'There's a lot o' things in this world even the cleverest don't understand. Take care of 'er, Sam, because I'm afraid you won't keep 'er very long.' My 'eart stood still for a bit and I says, 'Is it the wasting?' And 'e nods 'is ead.

"She was 'appy like even when she took to 'er bed; yes, she was; singing little tunes and saying to me, 'Can you 'ear 'er answer like?' So I says 'Yes,' to please 'er. And then one day in the morning about low tide she called me to 'er. 'Don't worrit, dad,' she says, 'I've put a tidy bit by for you and all your things are mended, and I've written out a list for the grocer to bring every week, and I'll tell mother how good you was to me.' And then she smiled and kind o' flickered out very peaceful."

We were all silent until the landlord said, very low, "Time, gentlemen, please." Then the old man looked up to the ceiling and says solemnly, "It is time, very near like," and left us.

I watched him go into his cottage and light his candle, and then I distinctly heard a thin, silver voice singing an odd little tune.

FIRST CURACIES

BY A PARSON

NO one can watch an Ordination service without experiencing a stirring of the heart and catching the echo of what is sounding in the ears of those who are being ordained. There is a sense of witnessing the sealing of a vocation and the entrance upon a career which is charged with possibilities of too great immensity for anyone to gauge. Who can foretell what may happen in the lives of thousands to whom these young men are as yet unknown because of the solemn act which is sending them forth to meet their fellows with a Divine message and to offer them Divine ministrations? What will be the issue, in this world and beyond it, of the spiritual contacts that trace their beginning back to a day of Ordination? Except to those who can pierce through a symbol to that which it embodies and conveys, there may be nothing that meets the eye to suggest that something of tremendous import is taking place. Yet in that quiet hour of prayer and sacrament forces of untold magnitude are being set free to change men's minds and to mould men's characters and lives.

A first curacy does not always make or mar a man, but it may easily do one or the other. It certainly leaves its mark upon him, even if he does not leave his mark upon the parish; it will probably influence him all his life, for good or ill. The church where he preaches his first sermon will always have a special interest for him; it depends largely upon the people—and the vicar—whether he thinks of it in later years

with affection or with bitterness. Because the treatment he receives at the beginning of his career will go far to make him the man he will become, there is a grave responsibility resting upon the parishioners; they may make him at an early stage of his ministry question the reality of his vocation or they may confirm him in the conviction that when he offered himself for ordination he was answering a call rather than making a choice.

A first curacy is an experiment undertaken without the help of previous experience. As it must ordinarily be held for two years, while other curacies can be terminated by giving three months' notice, the greatest care should be taken to settle on the right place. A mistake in this matter may turn what should be two years of joyous work into something like two years' penal servitude. Obviously a man who is going to be ordained should go to a vicar whose ideas on doctrine and ritual harmonize with his own; otherwise there will be constant friction with, perhaps, serious results. But he should also go to a vicar who has the capacity for training and guiding men and to a parish that can provide a proper training ground.

Not every vicar is fitted to be entrusted with the responsibility of a deacon. There are vicars who have ability but not the wisdom and the kindliness that are needed for directing the activities and the studies of a deacon; there are others from whom, in spite of their piety, a young man will learn nothing except how not to do everything. Bishops ought to count it their duty firmly to refuse such men the help of a deacon; they may quench his enthusiasm and waste the first two years of his career.

There are also parishes to which no deacon should ever be sent, because they are little better than death traps. The parish where a first curacy is spent ought to be thoroughly alive, a centre of good work done on right lines, a place, in fact, where a man can learn how a parish should be worked, what can be done, and how it can be done. Later on he can go to a less promising sphere and put to good use the lessons and the methods he has learnt in his first curacy. It is entirely wrong to let him begin where there is no enthusiasm and hardly any organization. If certain parishes in every diocese were set apart as training grounds for deacons, we should have better parishes and better priests everywhere.

Newly ordained deacons are, perhaps, not usually taken too seriously; we smile at their boyishness and, if we are of a kindly disposition, we try to be indulgent towards their early efforts. This is not the attitude that duty requires of us; we ought rather to give them the encouragement which they need and never to forget that they are starting on the most responsible of all careers; those among whom they begin their life's work are those who, more than any others, will help to shape their future course and contribute to its failure or success.

WINDOWS

BY GEORGE BAKER

GRANT DUNCAN and Jeanne, his daughter, sat at table, cropped grey-haired man of fifty opposite cropped black-haired girl of twenty-two. Jeanne was lately down from Girton for the last time, to become her widower father's hostess-housekeeper. The two had quickly found that Jeanne's Cambridge years had brought division, mental as well as physical, between them. She had been his idol, a captivating schoolgirl with appealing pigtailed and filial hero-worship. She had become, he found, a young woman with firm mouth, set chin and critical eyes, having views as disagreeable as pronounced. He had been her schoolgirl ideal, generous, oracular, almost god-

like. He had changed, she discovered, into a bull-necked business man, narrow-minded, acquisitive, materialist.

A direct clash came swiftly.

"Pater," Jeanne said, "I passed your new City shop to-day."

"Ah! that's the sixth this year. The Microscopic Mending Co.'ll pay forty per cent. next time."

"Father, how can you have those poor girls in the window, as you do, sewing their eyes out in the full view of the public?"

"My dear girl, they like it."

"Like it! When every passing Tom and Dick can stare at them!"

"That's exactly why they like it."

"Rubbish, Father! Should I like it? Would you like it, if I were to be stared at so?"

"That's different. You've been educated; they haven't. You're refined; they're not."

"But they're women like myself. They've got feelings. It must be purgatory to the sensitive ones."

"If they're so sensitive, they needn't come to the Microscopic for a job."

"You can say what you like, Pater. You're treating decent girls, who've got to earn their living, like slaves set up in a market-place."

"Wind, my dear, wind!"

"It's shameful, shameful!"

"Jeanne, that's enough. As you say, my girls earn their keep; earn it by honest work. You call that work hard names. You say it's shameful. But you, what do you do? You read a little, paint a little, write a little, talk a lot. Your work's play; your talk's wind—"

"I say, Pater!"

"Yes, just wind; you and your talk and your idealism. And wind won't make the world's wheels go round. It's work does that. The sort of work I do, and have done since I was thirteen. I've made the Microscopic. I started with a lock-up shop, a hundred pounds and two work-girls. Now I've got ninety branches, a hundred thousand capital and a thousand girls. That's something."

"Pater, I—"

"Yet you call it shameful. If that's so, you live on the 'shame.' It feeds you, dresses you."

The girl flamed: "It shan't after to-day. I'd sooner starve."

"That's just talk—silly talk, too."

"We'll see."

* * *

Jeanne Duncan left home that night. Within a week, under the name of Jane Grant, she entered as learner the Microscopic Mending Co.'s Urbiton branch. She was not a success. The Girton girl, who had weighed God and man, the solar system and the social order in her balances and had often found them wanting, proved a maladroit needlewoman derided daily by her manageress. The popular hockey captain and the Union's admired debater was known among her new associates as "a stand-off, stuck-up thing, too la-de-da-de for our liking." Nor was this all. The indulged only daughter shared a room and a bed in vulgarly furnished lodgings. The lack of privacy often gave her a sense of physical and spiritual degradation; while she soon discovered that to have loved small luxuries and to have lost them was worse than never to have loved them at all.

The worst was the discovery that she suffered less for righteousness than for wrongheadedness. The slaves whom she had pitied for their exposure in the modern market-place rejoiced in that outrage upon their modesty. To them it was no exposure, but a privileged seat in a window that looked upon life. Frequently life came to them through that window. Or man and marriage came, and that for them was life.

Jeanne felt a new respect for her father. He was a wise old boy taught by experience; while she—she was a young ass fooled by books and theories. Nevertheless, pride kept her in the course which she had chosen. Daily, her relationship with her fellow work-girls grew more difficult. Between herself and them, out of the trivialities of the common task, there sprang a subtle antagonism. Her refinement of accent became an offence; her differing outlook "rotten swank."

Jeanne herself was not blameless. Her disappointment was great, her sense of failure strong. Oppressed in spirit, she was intolerant and irritable. The pettiest pin-pricks of the daily round had power, it seemed, to produce open sores upon the body of Jeanne's intercourse with her fellows. Their differences were often as irrelevant as they were real, and not rarely of unbelievable absurdity. Thus what might be called the feud of the music-hall song was the type of them all. The favourite popular ditty of the day was an alliterative doggerel which ran:

Please, Pa, pat the parrot on the back;
For her heart is all diseased,
And a seedy seed she's seized—
So please, Pa, pat the parrot on the back.

* * *

The Microscopic girls arrived, humming this, at 8.30 a.m. They hummed it at intervals throughout the day. They left, still humming it, at 6.30 p.m. Jeanne's musical taste was fastidious. During two days she bore the jingling abomination in silence. On the third, no longer able to possess her soul, she expostulated:

"Say, girls, can't you let that wretched parrot die in peace? I've heard some silly songs, but I think that's the silliest ever."

One, Ann Wilkinson, had shown a keener dislike for Jeanne than the others. It was she who now spoke:

"You would, Miss Jumped-up Jane. You've had enough of our song, have you? Well, we've had enough of you and your airs and graces and your rotten swank. If you don't like it, lump it. If your ways aren't our ways, get another job. We shan't weep, I promise you. We understand one another, we do. But we don't understand you, and we don't want to, what's more. We may not be clever, or spout like parsons, or read brainy books, or wear posh clothes that cost quids. But at least we're decent girls, we are, come from respectable working folk. But you, who are you? And where do you come from? And where do your posh clothes come from? If we can't afford them, you can't. Who are you, I say?"

The rush of words finished on a shrill crescendo. Jeanne, white of face, knew that her wage-earning career had reached its crisis. She said slowly:

"You know who I am. I'm Jane Grant. I'm a work-girl like the rest of you."

"You say you are. But are you? Some of the girls think you are one of those—you know what I mean. But I don't. I think you are a spy—a Boss's spy."

"Ann Wilkinson, you are a fool."

"I may be a fool. I'm not a spy. I'd hate to be a spy—a crawling, sneaking, slimy spy."

"You're going to apologize for that."

"Oh, I am, am I? We'll see. First, give me a straight answer to a straight question. Last year, when we had our summer outing, Mr. Duncan, the Boss, drove up in his motor and gave us a speech. There was a girl with him: we didn't know who it was, till someone told us that it was his secretary. You're that girl's living image. What have you got to say to that, Miss—Spy?"

"It's a lie."

"Will you swear that you were never in a motor with the Boss?"

Jeanne was silent. Ann Wilkinson turned to the others in triumph:

"You see, girls, you see! Now you know what to do. Make it hot for her. Give her hell, the sneaking snake."

In the succeeding weeks the exhortation was followed faithfully enough to make Jeanne's working-days purgatorial at best. Inherent obstinacy alone kept her from a complete surrender and a return to her father in the character of the prodigal daughter.

Echoes of work-table talk reached the manageress. At this time also she heard gossip of the disappearance of the managing director's daughter. She fitted the facts together and began to suspect the incredible truth that Jane Grant was Jeanne Duncan. It was her intervention which, on a memorable Monday morning, brought the managing director's car to the Microscopic Mending Company's Urbiton branch. Grant Duncan got out of it. Without warning given, father and daughter met face to face. Behind the shut door of the manageress's private room they presently talked to the exceeding curiosity and the wild speculation of the "young ladies" of the branch.

"Jeanne, this tomfoolery must stop. Get into the car and come home at once."

"I won't live on money made in these horrible shops."

"But you are living on money made in this particular horrible shop."

"I earn it here. I shouldn't at home. These wretched girls would earn it for me."

"Jeanne, I won't argue with you. I'm your father. I ask you to come home and look after me. You've given me a devilish three months of anxiety."

"I wrote telling you that I had a safe job with a good firm."

"Safe job! Good firm!"

"Pater, it's the Microscopic, you know!"

"Umph! Fetch your things and get in that car."

"Give the girls, all of them, more wages and take them out of those ghastly windows, and I'll come."

Grant Duncan, after long debate, gave his promise. Whereupon Jeanne went home.

* * *

A month later, once more at table, Grant Duncan said to Jeanne:

"Some of your old friends, my young ladies, are coming here to-night. Sort of deputation. There's trouble in the shops. Care to see them with me?"

Jeanne, having a swift vision of herself as mediator between Capital and Labour, assented eagerly. The deputation was announced. Its spokeswoman began nervously: "Mr. Duncan, Sir! . . . Great liberty . . ." then finished with a burst: "We'll give you the extra two bob, if you'll let us work in the windows again."

Grant Duncan looked at Jeanne. It was his hour. She tried to smile. Something in her face gave him sudden insight. Aside, he said to her:

"It is a case, my dear, of the children of this world being wiser than the children of light."

A second inspiration made him turn to the deputation:

"Ladies, meet my daughter, Jeanne. I have appointed her our new Welfare Superintendent. To qualify for the post she has worked with some of you for three months. She will tell you that you can go back to the windows and keep your two shillings."

In its workers' welfare organization the Microscopic Mending Company is held by many to be a pattern to the country. Grant Duncan describes it as a partnership between child of light and man of this world. Privately, Jeanne has a new name for it—"Work and Wind, Ltd."



WALTER DE LA MARE

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XVI

In the year 2031 the reincarnated Professor Saintsbury published a critical essay in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* discussing the quality and content of English literature in the thirty years following the death of Queen Victoria. In the course of his survey he mentions (a) authors who were popular and famous at the time but who have since been forgotten by all except professors and students of letters; and (b) those authors whose fame has survived the century.

Unfortunately the brilliant and incisive judgment of the reincarnated Professor Saintsbury is not at the moment available, and in order to anticipate history the *SATURDAY REVIEW* offers a prize of ten guineas for the best essay of not more than 2,000 words on this subject.

It is recognized that in the process of reincarnation the literary style which Professor Saintsbury has made his own may have suffered some slight change or metamorphosis, and competitors need not, therefore, apply themselves to imitate too slavishly the Professor's form of prosody. But they will be expected to preserve something at least of his fearlessness and integrity of judgment; to strive, in fact, to follow the spirit rather than the letter.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. Their essays must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

Every effort will be made to return contributions if a stamped addressed envelope be sent, but the *SATURDAY REVIEW* can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, March 2. It is hoped to announce the results early in April.

We have to apologize to our readers for the delay in announcing the result of Competition VA. The entries in the Science and Religion controversy were so numerous that it has been impossible to adjudicate in the time originally contemplated. We hope to publish the result in the issue of January 31.

THE CRANE

IN this stark world of inert masses
I see myself a giant great,
Blocks that to move all strength surpasses
I lift on high, like featherweight.

The wheel is pulled; the chain is roaring
Into a deep and black abyss.
From my poor arms this strength seems soaring,
This force in them encompassed is.

In the vast hall, when hushed its booming,
I often dream of maddest things;
In space a giant crane is looming
The world enchained in circling rings.

Then will, warmed by a life-spark burning,
Some human hand the lever press
And heave, into a new course turning,
Our suffering earth from her distress.

From the German of HANS WINTERL
Translated by J. C. van Noorden

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

THE FILMS

TWO GOOD FILMS FROM TWO GOOD PLAYS

BY MARK FORREST

Grumpy. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The Plaza.
Kismet. Directed by John F. Dillon. The Leicester Square.

THERE is a slick quality about most of the films which are produced by the Paramount Company, and, though sometimes the canvas may not be to everyone's liking, there is generally little wrong with the cut of the jib. Their new presentation at the Plaza, which is the screen version of the stage comedy, 'Grumpy,' is very well presented, and in this case I think it is safe to prophesy that the material will prove as popular with film audiences as it did with those of the theatre.

The play was one of Cyril Maude's greatest successes and the picture, which is admirably recorded, should gain for him many new admirers among the younger generation who had not the fortune to see his performance on the stage. The plot itself is a simple one and is sentimental enough to make a wide appeal, but what has given the piece the large public it has always enjoyed is the characterization of the old man. This fidgety, irascible old gentleman, who is all salt without and all sugar within, and who, in the intervals between wheezing and sleeping, unmasks a villain and restores a stolen diamond to his daughter's fiancé, is a type of man germane to most families.

In his portrayal of "Grumpy" Cyril Maude leaves no side of the character untouched, and his performance ranks with the best performances in the vein of genuine comedy; indeed, the delicacy with which he carries out the author's conception makes the picture, as it did the play, an outstanding entertainment of its kind. The rest of the cast act with the same attention to detail; particularly is this true of Halliwell Hobbs, who, as the much abused Ruddick, looks after his old master to receive his curses and his blessings with the same imperturbable air. Frances Dade and Phillips Holmes play the unsophisticated love scenes charmingly and Paul Cavanagh succeeds in making the villain likeable.

It is a pity that the new cinema in Leicester Square did not start its life with 'Kismet' instead of 'Viennese Nights'; however, the screen version of Mr. Knoblock's play is now to be seen and should be on view for some little time to come. This story is laid in Baghdad in the eighth century and is one which is peculiarly suited to cinematographic treatment. Mr. Dillon, who directs it, has seized his opportunity with both hands, and the First National Company has spared no expense to reconstruct scenes of "more than Oriental splendour." In doing this they have not employed technicolour, but in America the picture had the advantage of the wide screen, a device which should improve the films still further by lending a stereoscopic effect.

The twenty-four hours in the life of Hajj, the beggar, which provide him with the opportunity to rise from his seat upon the steps of the mosque, accomplish two murders, attempt another, penetrate a harem and see his daughter marry the Caliph, are excellently portrayed upon the screen. The atmosphere has been cleverly caught and the direction throughout is sound and capable.

If Cyril Maude has acted 'Grumpy' hundreds of times, so many times has Otis Skinner acted Hajj. Personally I do not like Skinner in the rôle so much as I did Oscar Asche, but the American, nevertheless, gives a fine piece of acting.

THE THEATRE

A LA RusSE

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Betrayal. By Leonid Andreyev. Little Theatre.
Folly To Be Wise. A Revue. Piccadilly Theatre.

WHETHER first described 'Betrayal' as "a thriller of the intellect," certainly hit the proverbial nail on its proverbial head. It is a "thriller," in that its story is abnormal and exciting; and the qualifying reference to "intellect" means—not that Leonid Andreyev has written an intellectual play; he hasn't—but simply this: that the murder in this Russian melodrama is committed as part of an intellectual experiment, and not for purposes of gain, vengeance, or any of those other reasons which explain the normal, healthy homicides of England and America. In other words, it isn't the author who is intellectual, but merely his leading character.

Of course it may be that Andreyev conceived 'Betrayal' as an intellectual, or highbrow, drama; indeed, it is just possible that, played in the original Russian and before a Russian audience, it might have a pathological or metaphysical importance. But this is not the case at the Little Theatre, where the motive which induces Anton Kerjentzeff to murder his friend Saveloff appears so nearly utterly incomprehensible as to be not worth seriously bothering about. Roughly speaking—at least, this is how I understood the situation—he believed that a man can so control his brain as to be able to self-inflict a state of temporary madness and yet recover his sanity whenever he chooses. In order to test this theory, he murders Saveloff during a period of self-inflicted lunacy, with the result that he is sent to an asylum instead of to the gallows. His intention was, of course, to recover his sanity, and consequently his freedom, so soon as there was no longer any danger. Unfortunately, when caged in the asylum, he is troubled by a doubt. He is unable to decide (1) whether he was really sane or really mad when he murdered Saveloff, and (2) whether he has or has not managed to regain his sanity. To these two questions he can get no satisfactory answer, either from himself or from his doctors—who, when they assure him that in their opinion he is perfectly sane, may or may not be merely humouring him.

He is on the point of going utterly and raving mad, when the widow of the man he murdered comes to visit him. She, of course, believes that he was really mad when he killed her husband; she also believes that she herself was partly to blame for the tragedy. For Anton had once asked her to marry him, and she had refused him. She asks him to forgive her. Then it is that Anton makes his final appeal. He begs her to believe that he was not insane when he killed Saveloff; that he ought by rights to have been hanged; that he is, and always has been, sane. Convinced that this is the truth, horrified, her pity turned to loathing, Tatiana sees that what he needs above all else is a word from her to reassure him of his sanity. Her vengeance takes the very subtle form of a refusal; knowing him sane, she condemns him to insanity by refusing to reveal this knowledge. And when she leaves him, Anton's mind at last surrenders, and as the final curtain falls we see him unequivocally mad.

As you say, a cheery little story! But believe me, if you think it sounds so morbid and depressing that no one but a Russian Intellectual could possibly enjoy it, you're mistaken. If you go and see this curious play, you will find that you're much too thrilled and interested to be depressed. Or perhaps you feel that its subject-matter must be unintelligible to anybody but an alienist; believe me, there is no necessity to

understand the nature of Anton's strange experiment. I should not be the least surprised to learn that the exposition I have given in this article was wrong. It differs from that proposed by several of my confrères. Mr. Agate, for example, speaks of Anton "simulating" madness—which (in theory, at any rate) is an entirely different thing from self-inflicting it. Being a critic of unusual perspicacity, he naturally goes on to ask: "Would this, if successful, prove anything beyond the possibility of Man's transcendence over man-made laws?" The answer, obviously, is "No", and as Anton's experiment is represented by the author as an effort to transcend his own nature, I am forced to believe that Mr. Agate's more intelligible interpretation must be wrong, and my own, almost incomprehensible, interpretation right.

Still, as I have already tried to make clear, this is not so much an intellectual play as a play about an intellectual; and it is no more necessary to comprehend that intellectual's theory than it would be to comprehend the theory of Relativity, if Mr. Edgar Wallace were to write a play about somebody like Einstein. Anton himself, when caged in the asylum, wonders whether perhaps he may not have been mad when he conceived the possibility of self-inflicted madness; and whatever answer might be given to that question by a Russian audience, and whatever answer Andreyev himself might give, so far as English audiences are concerned, Anton is obviously "more or less dotty" when the play begins. And since the action of 'Betrayal' is less concerned with the nature of its hero's madness than with the working-out and consequences of his experiment; and since the result is genuinely dramatic, and the characters involved are strange and interesting—I can safely recommend this play to all who prefer an unusual to an ordinary evening's entertainment.

To those who don't I feel an equal confidence in recommending the new revue at the Piccadilly Theatre. 'Folly To Be Wise' is a thoroughly ordinary, undistinguished, unpretentious show, and the audience, when I was present, simply "ate" it. Personally, I thought Mr. Dion Titheradge's sketches uninspired and almost intolerably long drawn-out; but I liked his parody of a certain type of American song, with Miss Cicely Courtneidge warbling:

There's a place my heart is fixed on,
 And the angels call it Brixton.

And there is a most amusing sketch, 'Sang Froid,' by Mr. Harry Wall, in which two English ladies, who have wandered by mistake into a low French café, sit discussing scandal and the vicar, while around them huge apaches commit crimes of passion. Miss Courtneidge shines again in a burlesque acrobatic scene. Mr. Nelson Keys was less well served by his material; and the rest of the company lacked personality. A turn by an American low-comedian named James Albert Trahan seemed somewhat rather out of place in this particular entertainment, though he undoubtedly amused a large proportion of the audience. In short, as a prophet I foretell that 'Folly To Be Wise' will run for many months; though as a critic I feel bound to add that it doesn't deserve to.

The acting in 'Betrayal' is excellent. Mr. David Horne, as Anton, had the "fattest" rôle, and an almost unmissable chance to score a personal success. Still, there seemed to be something more than mere spectacular histrionics in his playing, his quieter moments being even more impressive than his ravings. Mr. Roy Malcolm made a genuinely exotic person out of Saveloff; Miss Flora Robson dealt successfully with difficult material as Tatiana; and Mr. Evan John convinced me that he is a character-actor of unusual quality. Smaller parts were played with admirable appreciation of their possibilities by Messrs. Robert Eddison, Alastair Sim, Pascoe Thornton, and Miss Margaret Rawlings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

'TOLSTOY, THE INCONSTANT GENIUS'

SIR,—It is curious to what an extent Tolstoy—who himself often overstated his case—tempts his reviewers into reckless exaggeration. This is especially noticeable in regard to matters of sex.

Irresponsible critics, on the strength of general admissions he made, of particular admissions as to the source of the seduction scene in 'Resurrection' and the main theme of 'The Devil,' and of a few statements by Fet and other writers who knew Tolstoy personally, often make reckless generalizations which go far beyond any known facts. What is authentic is that at frequent intervals he lived loosely before his marriage, but that he was never unfaithful to his wife during the forty-eight years they lived together.

Mr. A. P. Nicholson, in your issue of December 27, does not contradict this fact, but makes two statements which should not have been made unless they can be supported by reliable evidence—and my intimate knowledge of Tolstoy personally and of his works, as well as of what has been written about him, leaves me very doubtful of the existence of any such evidence. Your reviewer also makes another statement which, though correct, is sure to mislead most of his readers.

The statements I particularly challenge are these: "As a boy he seduced peasant girls on his estate." Is there any known evidence of this? And that "as a young man in the society of Moscow and Petersburg he formed liaisons." Can any single instance be adduced in support of this statement?

May I be permitted to press for a specific reply to these questions, for I tried to tell the truth about Tolstoy without fear or favour in my 'Life of Tolstoy,' even in the first edition published while he was still alive, and I have done so even more fully in the revised edition lately published. I have entirely failed to discover any reliable evidence that would enable me to make any such assertions as those above mentioned.

The statement I refer to as misleading is, that "as a student he went with the gipsies." It is not generally realized in England, as it was in Russia, that the troupes of gipsy singers were far from being loose in their conduct. The code that regulated their relations with their patrons was a strict one. It sometimes happened that gipsy girls married Russians of good family or even lived with them without a marriage ceremony, but in such cases they had to leave the troupe. Loose conduct between girls in the troupe and those who engaged them to sing was not tolerated.

Leo Tolstoy's elder brother, Serges, lived with, and eventually married, a gipsy girl. She was an excellent woman, strictly faithful to him and a good mother to their children. That "Tolstoy as a student went with the gipsies," though true in fact, is only so in a sense which the statement, I take it, was not intended to convey.

Further the reviewer tells us of Tolstoy at forty-nine, that "from this time forward he wallowed in pessimism." I knew Tolstoy intimately for a number of years long after he was forty-nine and he did not give me that impression at all. His "occasional merri-ment" had certainly not "all vanished." I witnessed it repeatedly, and my impression was shared by every

one who was staying at Yasnaya Polyana or visiting him at the Moscow house when I was there.

The strangest statement of all in the review is, however, that Tolstoy "knew he was losing his art, and turned and rent it, writing a diatribe from which it appears that only religious art, whatever that may be, is worth the name." This must refer to 'What is Art?'—a work I translated in co-operation with Tolstoy, discussed with him and put into the most lucid English I could command. When the work was done I wrote an "Introduction" summarizing Tolstoy's thesis, of which he wrote: "I have read your Introduction with great pleasure. You have admirably and strongly expressed the fundamental thoughts of the book." I had hoped that both the book itself and my Introduction to it were plain enough to have prevented any serious reviewer from asserting that Tolstoy said, or meant, that "only religious art is worth the name."

Mr. Nicholson speaks of Tolstoy's "attempt to influence the world by living as a peasant," and says that the "last diary of Countess Tolstoy brought us up to date on the subject." But Nazaroff's book under review plainly shows—which was indeed evident from previous biographies—that Tolstoy never did live "as a peasant" or pretend to do so; and the same work—which in its main outlines is fairly accurate and reliable—trenchantly sums up the true situation by telling us that Tolstoy was driven to his death as a result of being "enmeshed in this hideous struggle for his literary estate waged over his head by a deranged woman and an obstinate fanatic."

"A deranged woman" is hardly too strong a phrase. The Countess S. A. Tolstoy was always hysterical and latterly the doctors diagnosed her illness as paranoia. It is beyond question that she suffered from acute suicidal mania. Her Diary, which we are told "brings us up to date," was certainly written as part of the "hideous struggle" which led to Tolstoy's death, and it should be compared and contrasted with other surer evidence which is available before its statements are relied on.

In conclusion, let me admit that Mr. Nicholson's article is less misleading than many others that have appeared since that Diary was published, and if I beg leave to challenge the statements above commented on, I do so because his is a signed article appearing in a periodical of repute. If such statements pass uncorrected, they may be taken as authoritative and made the basis for some more of the reckless detraction and abuse which ignorant writers are in the habit of publishing about Tolstoy in papers of less repute than your own.

I am, etc.,

Chelmsford

AYLMER MAUDE

ST. MARK'S EVE

SIR,—In regard to the interesting results of your Literary Competition IVA, two "thoughts" suggest themselves:

A. In view of the clear reference to this same Bertha in that preposterous trifle 'Cap and Bells,' Keats surely never connected her in his fancy with Fanny Brawne.

B. From the setting of the scenes in 'Cap and Bells' and from the description of the furniture in 'St. Mark's Eve,' it is clear, in spite of the atmosphere of the poem, that Keats did not picture Bertha in medieval surroundings: Bertha Pearl of Canterbury!

These points are so well known to students of Keats that I am surprised Damon and Aries did not steer a little clearer of the 'Eve of St. Agnes' glamour which both able efforts reflect.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST S. THOMAS

Headington, Oxford

'WOMEN WORKERS IN 1930'

SIR,—As an interested reader of Miss Vera Brittain's articles and a warm supporter of all the reforms she advocates, other than family allowances, to which I have a rooted economic objection, I should like to question "Employer's" curious reasons for paying women less than he pays men for the same work. If women in any business relationships are inferior to men, that is an excellent reason for not employing them; but it is no reason at all for underpaying them. I have never understood why those who resent the intrusion of women into employments once sacred to men are so set upon keeping down women's wages and salaries. Can they not see that if women really are inferior to men, the fact that employers find them cheaper may prove a complete set-off to that inferiority? Really, I suppose, it is the touchy vanity of the male curmudgeon that leads him to this stupidity; or can it be that he is merely a nit-wit with an inferiority complex? Anyway, it might be well if the various women's associations were to dwell more insistently than they have hitherto done on the economic danger to men presented by the competition of cheap female labour. As one who has always found the average woman far more intelligent than the average man, I have no fear of women failing to make good, even if employers were compelled to pay them the same wages or salaries paid to men.

I am, etc.,

MALE OF THE SPECIES

'A MODERNIST RESTATEMENT'

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. Hardwick, seems content to abolish the divinity of our Lord upon the strength of a single incident, but this is hardly sufficient to undermine the central truth of the Christian religion.

As it stands, the story of the rich young ruler does not prove that Jesus did not consider Himself to be divine. For what happened? Our Lord asked a question and made a statement. He asserted the goodness of God. Perhaps He was testing the young man, giving him the opportunity of acknowledging Him as St. Peter did upon another occasion.

At our Lord's trial the high priest adjured Him by a most solemn oath to say whether He were the Christ. Our Lord answered "I am." The high priest certainly did not take this to mean that He was merely man, one of the prophets, as Mr. Hardwick would have us believe, for he condemned Him as guilty of blasphemy. There is no blasphemy in declaring oneself a man.

I am, etc.,

MARGARET OWEN

Whitstable

SIR,—The article by the Rev. J. C. Hardwick fills those who are "born again of the Holy Spirit" with righteous indignation. It makes one wonder how far Modernists will go away from the Inspired Word of God. And "all Scripture is given by Inspiration of God," 2 Tim. iii, 15.

The article would have us believe that Jesus Christ is not Divine, and we are told there is nothing to substantiate His Divinity in the first three Gospels.

What of Mark xii, 6? What of Matt. xxii, 43-45? Matt. xviii, 20: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Could this have been uttered by anyone save God Himself—the Divine Omniscient God?

What about all His miracles? Are those to go to the wall? Who could have forgiven sins but the Divine Jesus? See Mark ii, 5-10, and Luke vii, 48. What of Matt. xxviii, 19, in which the name of God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son are coupled together—words uttered by Jesus Christ Himself?

I am, etc.,

ONE ON THE OLD PATHS

SIR,—Probably others beside myself would wish that Modernist restatements were clearer. It is comparatively easy to say what you do not mean, but I, for one, should value a Modernist creed of affirmation, beginning "I believe!" After all, even though Modernists may whittle away the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Resurrection, they must have some positive beliefs. In anticipation of this, I turned eagerly to the "Restatement" of the Incarnation, only to be disappointed with the usual vagueness. I should welcome a restatement which would include answers to such questions as these—Where is Jesus now? Is He Man-with-God in Heaven? Is He the Personal Saviour who by His Death, Resurrection and Ascension has made access to God easier for us? Is the "spirit" of Jesus the Holy Ghost, or merely the influence—where it abides—of the life of the gentle Christ?

"'Tis my flesh that I seek in the Godhead," cries Browning, and millions echo this. Does this square with Modernism?

It seems unreasonable to expect to find a complete philosophy of Christianity in primitive documents like the Gospels, and equally irrational to ignore or belittle the teaching and faith of the Early Church. Particularly is this true about the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ. Some intellectuals would rob us of our Saviour, our Eternal Friend in Heaven; what do they give us in His stead?

I am, etc.,

F. J. SHIRLEY

Workshop College

THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

SIR,—There are signs of the possibility of some kind of a peace being patched up between the Indian communities, and an attempt at a new Constitution "agreed to," to save the face of the Round Table.

But what then? It is known for certain that neither the Moslems nor the Congress party in India have sanctioned any concessions on either side, and they will reject any compromise arrived at in London. And then?—it is certain that the autonomous British Provinces, if they are to have "real responsible government," will have Councils dominated by large majorities of "the Congress party," which is anti-British first and last, and calls for "Independence," without which it will agree to nothing.

Our generous Liberals think that they can concede anything, if sufficient "safeguards" are retained, in the shape of "over-riding powers" for the Viceroy and Governors. But our drastic experience of the Dyarchy showed conclusively that such "powers" are largely ineffective, and nothing but a source of constant wrangles and struggles, making inevitably for confusion and violence.

If we are going to install a true democracy, it means that we shall have a large dominating majority of politicians calling, and registering votes, for "Independence," and theoretically as "democrats" we have to accept it, and pack up to go! But virtually, we know that would mean chaos and bloodshed, to which we could not leave the country without shamefully shirking our responsibilities.

The logical result is that we must ignore such votes, and that "responsible democratic" government must go to the wall! It is understood, of course, that the Indian politicians do not represent the masses, or anybody but themselves, an insignificant minority.

I am, etc.,

F. R. BAGLEY

SIR,—Before it is too late an appeal must be made to the two Houses of Parliament to save India. We have reached, perhaps, the blackest period of Anglo-Indian history, a time when we seem determined to sacrifice the results of more than a century and a half's labour and fling them into the maelstrom.

There is before us a means by which we might give real self-government to India, by which all its interests (including the overwhelming important agricultural interest, which has hardly been mentioned at the Conference) would be represented and fostered.

This is the Village Panchayats, thousands of years old, which were unfortunately allowed to decay under British rule; these could easily be revived. I should like to commend to your readers 'The Future Government of India,' by Mr. K. Vayara Rao. Being one of the very few sensible and practical writings on the "Reforms," it has been neglected. Whatever opinion may be held as to some of his suggestions, there is no doubt as to his contention—"The village Panchayat must become a living reality and must be entrusted with administrative powers in the affairs of the village." We might go further. In the space of a letter it is impossible to go into details, but the Panchayat should form the unit. It should nominate, not elect, members to the Provincial Legislature. The Executive would be partly official, partly selected from the Provincial Legislature. The Central Government (which would interfere very little with the Provincial Governments) could, as to its Legislative Assembly, be nominated mainly by the Provincial Assemblies. We should thus get a *Concordia Ordinum*, and self-government would be a reality. Let Parliament relentlessly reject the wild-cat scheme that will be put before it.

I am, etc.,
W. A. HIRST

New Oxford and Cambridge Club,
Piccadilly, W.1

IN DEFENCE OF NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—Your correspondent, Charles R. Spencer, calls New Zealand hard names, including the term a "forbidding land," chiefly because the stamp and gift coupon system is to be stopped there. New Zealand, he thinks, is surely "Dora's" spiritual home.

He has had a similar letter published in several other papers in the United Kingdom. But for that his letter could be taken as a joke, but there seems to be some editorial propagandist intention behind the fact of its wide circulation. For instance, I have read in *The Grocer* of January 3 a letter by J. E. Simmonds, in the course of which the writer states "the coupon system in England will have to go. When it will go remains entirely with the rank and file of our (grocers') organizations. The latest example given us to follow is New Zealand."

Mr. Spencer is quite wrong in his statements about New Zealand and the limitation of the rights of the people there; indeed, if he went to New Zealand he would learn something about real freedom. He would learn also how to play the Empire game.

I am, etc.,
B. D.

New Zealand

'A BELATED CONVERSION'

SIR,—I have only just seen a letter from Mr. Samuel J. Looker headed 'A Belated Conversion,' which appeared in your issue of December 13. I am thus replying late, but I hope not too late, for there are one or two points regarding which I should like to correct his rambling mind.

He discovered that I was to give a reading at the Poetry Bookshop of the poems of William Watson. Being "cursed with a retentive memory" he reached down 'A Bibliography of Modern Poetry,' which, he says, was published by me "a few years back." This Bibliography actually constituted Number 12 of Volume I of 'The Chapbook' and was published in 1920. The periodical was published under my general editorship; the compiler of the Bibliography was not myself, but a person who preferred to be known as Recorder, and I was not in any way responsible,

as Mr. Samuel J. Looker appears to think, for the remark which he resents made therein about Sir William Watson.

Secondly, he appears to imagine that I am a confessed admirer of every poet of whose works I give a reading at the Poetry Bookshop, and that, because I was then announcing that reading, I must have changed my view. I ignore his gentle cynicisms, which really are not very diverting. I only want to correct misapprehensions.

The poems of many and diverse poets are read aloud at the Poetry Bookshop in order to give the public an opportunity of testing and enlarging its tastes, and also, as it were, to give every kind of poetry (worthy of the word) a chance. In youth, like many other youths, I admired William Watson's poems. To-day I admire them no more than I did in 1920. Mr. Looker is correct in supposing that I did not admire them then and incorrect in imagining that I have changed my opinion. To scour a poet's books for poems to read aloud and then to read them to an audience is to put a poet to the most exacting possible test. No one will deny William Watson's courage and endurance and his loyalty to the idea of poetry, but the people who write to the papers about him in extravagant terms, cursing the public for its neglect and unduly elevating the poet into a position beside the greatest, either have not read him or have allowed the consideration of his recent unfortunate situation to overcome their critical faculties, or are fundamentally deficient in judgment. Some of the matter that has appeared in the Press (for instance, the article of Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie in the *Observer*) has been fantastic. This is not the place to launch critical remarks on the poetry of Sir William Watson, and I cannot expect you to allow me more space than I have taken already in hinting at the folly of a few individuals.

I am, etc.,
HAROLD MONRO

Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1

THE OPERA SUBSIDY

SIR,—When times are hard the Plain Man says we cannot afford £17,500 for a luxury like Grand Opera. Having firmly accomplished this painful but necessary economy, he feels justified in voting another £10,000,000 to further the transformation of the Insurance Act into a gigantic agency of unconditional out-door relief.

Yet even the Plain Man may be invited to consider things in their context, and the context of the proposed Treasury grant in aid of Opera has not yet received the attention it deserves.

We are now spending some £60,000,000 a year on education and before long shall be incurring further expense by lengthening the school age. To what end has this huge and costly educational machine been devised? To ask the question is to open up the controversy which rages round the words "vocational training." But this at least may be said—that while there is much disagreement as to the extent to which the aim of education should be practical at all, all admit that it cannot be practical to the exclusion of everything else. Education is more than a series of tips for getting on. It is a preparation for life and its method is to develop the power of appreciating the best things that life can give.

Unhappily, the experience of sixty years has not yet taught us the fallacy of concluding that if you take care of the means the ends will take care of themselves. Popular education in this country has never been directed to any end in particular. Many a thoughtful citizen must have asked himself whether it is really worth while teaching our people to read in view of what they read. No doubt the popular taste is

deplorable, but we cannot blame the people. We have given them an accomplishment, without showing them what use to make of it. That has been left to private enterprise, which has aimed at economic, not at spiritual results. No wonder that our people, left without guidance on the threshold of the bewildering realm of literature, have taken the least arduous path. The one good book that they have been officially encouraged to read is the Bible, and that not primarily for literary reasons.

The plain truth of the matter is that, if education is to lead anywhere, it must itself create patterns of its own ideals and hold them up before its pupils' eyes. Particularly, perhaps, is this the case with music, for our teaching of music is now only at the beginning of its development. Our children are now being taught to sing. Before long, when the educational significance of the gramophone is better realized, they will be taught to appreciate the nature of instrumental tone. They will then acquire a gift far too precious to be wasted, as it is now, on the interpretations in terms of sound of America's anarchic and misdirected life. Whether Opera be, indeed, the highest form of music may be questionable. But, of all musical forms, it is the most catholic.

Once the real nature of the grant to Opera is realized, the question presents itself whether the amount is large enough. It may be answered in a practical spirit. Strictly speaking, the grant is not a subsidy at all, since it is to come not from moneys contributed by the taxpayer, but from the toll which the Exchequer levies on the B.B.C. In its present form this toll is in the nature of an excess-profits tax, but the fact that the B.B.C. is a monopoly does not really justify the imposition of a special and peculiar burden. The B.B.C. is an entertainment agency and all such bodies are taxed. That the tax, as now levied, is thoroughly vicious, since it takes no regard of the quality of the entertainment, is in this connexion irrelevant. We must take the law as it stands and the B.B.C. should be liable to it in precisely the same way as a cinema, theatre, or a football club. The State, in other words, is entitled to its legal percentage of the B.B.C.'s revenue from licences and nothing more.

If this matter—really of some importance to the welfare of our people—had been properly thought out, the B.B.C. would not, as now, be obliged to surrender the whole of its surplus to the Treasury. It would pay its entertainment tax, and its charter would lay it down that its surplus should be devoted to the promotion of such cultural enterprises as it could broadcast. The B.B.C. would then be in a position to acknowledge and discharge its obligations as patron and purveyor of music. Its grant to Opera would be made in name, as it is in fact, from its own funds, to the avoidance of all the irrelevant criticism provoked by the clumsy financial method actually adopted. Since the grant will in any case involve a revision of the B.B.C.'s charter, there is no reason why this salutary change should not still be carried through.

I am, etc.,

M. L.

TO HELP AUSTRALIA

SIR,—The letter of W. W. S. in your issue of January 3 deals with a most important aspect of Empire Development. The future of the Empire—and of the Mother Country—undoubtedly lies in the opening up of Empire areas. The full utilization of the capital resources, as well as the man-power, of the United Kingdom for the purpose of developing the Overseas Empire is of vital importance, and provides the solution of the problem of unemployment, as the SATURDAY REVIEW has said so many times.

The point which seems to be forgotten is that while our kinsmen in Australia can find the funds necessary for intensive development of the occupied areas, they

can no longer, or for some years to come, incur further debt to relieve this country of its obligation to find the whole of the capital and the interest needed for the development of the rest of a continent as big as Europe.

It is now up to this country to find that capital and interest (or to help Australia to find it)—or to stand aside and even leave the job to those who can and will, e.g., Japan, Italy and even Germany. That is, unless we are prepared to stand to our guns and keep those unoccupied areas idle for future generations.

The object of this Association is to promote the development of those areas and the rest of the Empire, including the United Kingdom, and this naturally includes the bringing home to the peoples and communities of this country the vital necessity for working together, irrespective of the political views they hold, in order to take full advantage of their great heritage, won so dearly. The Association has already an influential list of supporters, and I shall be pleased to send further particulars of the work contemplated, etc., to W. W. S. and any others who are interested.

I am, etc.,

S. UPTON
(Secretary)

The Empire Development Association,
2 Victoria Street, S.W.1

HOUSEWIVES AND BAKERS

SIR,—In these days of soaring unemployment it will be a revelation to most of your readers to hear from the Secretary of the Operative Bakers how vast has been the quantity of imported flour used by us last year.

Who is responsible? Certainly not the housewives of this country.

I feel sure that the heads of British homes would be the first to support home-milled flour. What of the bakers themselves? If they are Conservative (as are so many shopkeepers) they should be the last to encourage the foreigner at the expense of our own people; if they are Liberal or Labour, how can they square such conduct with their professed views on unemployment?

A gentle catechism on these lines of any erring baker would do the world of good to our millers and their workers.

I am, etc.,

JOHN R. REMER

'WEAR MOLESKINS'

SIR,—Mrs. Catherine Milnes Gaskell's contention is rather wide of the mark. The wearing of moleskins, as suggested, in capes, muffs and coats, would not help the English mole-catcher.

During the last two years, and more particularly this year, the sale of moleskin coats has been very large indeed, larger than ever before, but they are all cheap imported coats, sent in from France and Belgium and lined up in this country. In these, and other Continental countries, the entire business is on a commercial basis and everybody who kills moles, whether trapper or farmer, dries the skins and sells them through a well-known, recognized agency.

In this country moleskins do not appear to have the same outlet, the skins generally getting into the hands of small firms, instead of large collecting agencies, as on the Continent.

It is the importation of these cheap coats, unlined, which are made under very different conditions of labour, hours and remuneration, which has killed the industry in this country.

There never was a stronger case for Safeguarding or Tariff than on foreign-made moleskin coats; that is the only satisfactory remedy.

I am, etc.,

W. S. GREEN

Southampton

THE "SATURDAY" CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XI

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

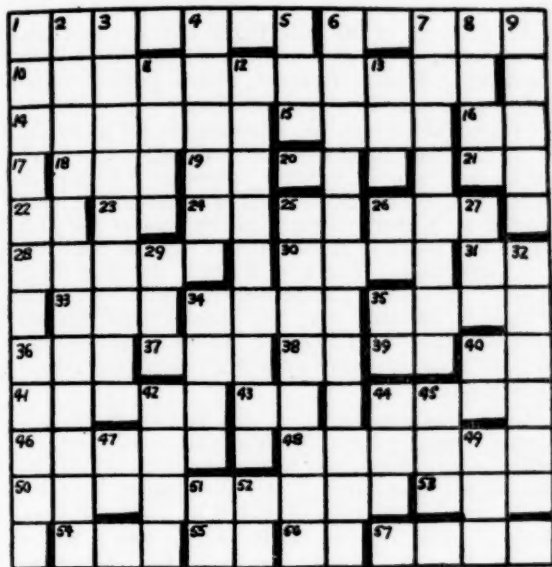
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than Thursday following the date of publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from a modern English poet, viz.:

18, 55, 9, 5, 30, 39, 34d, 26a, 48,
57, 47, 27, 44a, 54, 17, 32, 40d, 13.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION.

Across.

CLUES.

1. "Blue flowering borage, the Aleppo sort" was very this in old-fashioned language.
6. A. and C. wrote the Shulamite.
10. Little toe'd.
14. I include the Black and Sour Gum Trees.
15. Boat.
16. With 22 I sometimes come before a storm.
17. See 26a.
19. See 25a.
20. See 6d.
21. See 23 and 31.
22. See 16.
23. Four of me and 21 are worth a peseta in Spain.
24. See 6d.
25. I am in the highest degree after 19 rev., but only a little way before 38.
26. I and 54 and 17 are something to be specially observed.
28. Spenser's use of me was unsteady.
30. Be this for the lady who kissed the hole in the wall.
31. If I swallow 21 I'm two quarters.
33. "The next, with dirges — in sad array,
Slow through the Church-way path we saw him borne."
34. Form of appeal in the Channel Islands.
35. "He must not float upon his watery — unwept."
36. See 35d.
37. This can never be dry, it is the reverse of 29.
38. See 25a.

40. If I were surrounded by little various dates I should be empty.
41. Keen.
43. With time I could get into the honours-list at Cambridge.
44. "And the legend, I feel, is a part of the hunger and thirst of the heart, the frenzy and — of the brain."
46. What's left of a code of ceremonies when the chairman has departed.
48. See 34d.
50. "Prime sort" that may belie.
53. A little Jew.
54. See 26a.
55. 51 reversed.
56. A little great city.

Down.

1. The top of Mount Everest.
2. Sub-order of Cetacea.
3. Wine is an essential when I am present at the proper time.
4. Study of bird's eggs.
5. Shakespearian relish.
6. When I have 24 and 20 sticking out from me I am having spiny fins.
7. Club-foot.
8. A little light.
9. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I —'."
11. Torch that's gone out.
12. Don Armada styled the king "the welkin's vicegerent and sole — of Navarre."
13. This for company!
25. When I was an M.P. I carried every Bill I wanted to.
26. The reverse of not out.
29. You might think this must be dry, it's worry.
34. "Better to reign in — than serve in 48."
35. Ox-like animal of the Caucasus before 36.
42. A kind of 44d.
44. Dry measure of nine bushels.
45. I mantled the tower from which the owl complained.
- 49 rev. Strive.
51. 55 reversed.
52. Reverse me and 51 and you make us cry.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. IX

1	P	2	L	3	E	4	A	5	S	6	U	7	R	8	E	9	A	10	G	11	E
12	L	U	N	E	T	T	E	S	13	S	14	P	L	A	Y						
15	A	D	D	16	O	A	T	17	W	H	O	18	B	I	R						
19	Y	O	U	N	K	E	R	20	O	R	A	N	G								
21	S	H	R	I	E	R	I	22	P	I	T	H	A	N							
23	V	E	E	A	S	A	T	24	M	O	R	E	O								
25	E	A	R	N	A	N	E	26	A	R	B	A	M								
27	T	R	O	S	S	C	A	N	28	I	U	N	O								
29	E	T	H	E	H	E	30	U	N	O	T	E	N								
31	R	I	T	W	I	T	H	32	I	F	P	M	I								
33	A	L	I	E	34	S	O	35	L	O	S	E	C								
36	N	E	C	R	O	P	H	37	O	R	O	U	S								

HIDDEN QUOTATION.

"Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart."
George Herbert, 'The Church-porch.'

NOTES

Across.

8. Browning, 'Ep. of Kar-shish.'
15. Addle.
18. Birle.
19. 'Guy Mannering,' ch. 54.
20. i.e., to turn into "organ."
- 22 and 26. Coleridge, 'An. Mariner.'
27. Easle.
- 28 and 24. Atrip.
29. 'Oliver Twist,' ch. 2.
38. Cancan
40. Ennui, (verb).
47. With(hold).
49. 'As You Like It,' V, 4.
52. Alien.
56. 'Othello,' I, 3.
57. Dickens, 'Tale of Two Cities,' ch. 14.

Down.

2. i.e., "duello."
6. 'Macbeth,' III, 1.
8. 'Pickwick Papers,' ch. 7.
9. Albatross.
11. Eyas. Scott's 'Abbot,' ch. 4.
30. Oriole.
31. (P)ean(S).
34. Not worth a "button."
39. Autoptic
43. Nilotic, "of the Nile." See 'Antony and Cleopatra,' V, 2.
44. Ballad of the Emeu.
50. Forrit.
53. Psoas.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. IX

The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate, who has selected for her prize, 'Jutland: A Fragment of Epic,' by Shane Leslie. (Benn, 10s. 6d.)

NEW NOVELS

Loggerheads. By Major Philip Gribble. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Thake Again. By "Beachcomber." Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The Gentle Libertine. By Colette. Translated by R. C. B. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

High Table. By Joanna Cannan. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Night in the Hotel. By Eliot Crawshaw-Williams. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Three Men. By Padraic Colum. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 6s.

"SO many of you give the impression of such hardness, of being such sceptics, wealthy in worldliness and paupers in—well, what might be called Belief . . . Faith." That was how Stephen Gaunt regarded the "moderns" (atrocious substantive!) among his fellow passengers on board ship from the Cape to Southampton. He actually saw a girl treating men to a round of drinks, which shocked him to the core of his marrow. Consequently he welcomed the opportunity to win over Magda, an actress with some misgivings about this modernity, to his way of thinking, and "a happy ending" is implied. But would they have lived happily ever afterwards?

When Magda gave as part of her definition of enjoyment "knowing interesting people," Stephen knew only too well what that meant: "Studio parties in Chelsea and in Bloomsbury, where the poorness of the conversation appeared brilliant in the illumination of cocktail spot-lights." Cocktails, forsooth! Stephen needed no provocation to advance to the attack with epigrams of the kind that cluster in newspaper controversy. Magda, it appears, was not a real "modern" to be snatched from the burning. She was not even the Woman Who Did. But in throwing in her lot with Stephen she would need indeed to be an actress, for what he wanted, it seemed, at least to one reader, was not a woman to confide in but a microphone.

When it comes to backing winners and swapping generalities, Mr. Thake, at any rate, is prepared to put his shirt on the 1931 Girl. For Mr. Thake, unlike the hero of Major Gribble's novel, indulged in devotional feelings towards Bright Young Womanhood. But whether it was that Iris Tennyson, that nasty little gold digger, was insufficiently of an actress or that some glimpse of reality percolated through Mr. Thake's haze of idealism, she could not bring him to the scratch and consequently walked off with Adolph Brasch, and twelve million dollars instead. It is good, too, to know that after "throwing" some more wild parties, Lady Cabstanleigh is still galloping on!

"Beachcomber" leaves us in no doubt of the excellence of his narrative, for at the end of the volume we find his own tribute: "Here, at last, we have Balzac, Dickens, D'Annunzio, Huggenheimer, Smith, Gautier, Gogol, Tolstoy and Sinclair Lewis all in one. What more can one ask?" Mr. J. B. Morton has spilled a bibful.

From rodomontade and burlesque we turn to realism. Colette's heroine made no bones about being The Woman Who Did. If one might resume the firebrand metaphor, she burned her fingers at many a fire, but only at length experienced satisfaction at her own hearthside. In part one we read of her engrossed in childish phantasy, scorning her devoted cousin Antoine in favour of the Apache chief of her imagination. Part two finds Minne married, however, to Antoine and already engaged in a number of surreptitious liaisons.

Can a Sex-Novel stand the Test of Time? That is the sort of imbecile poser, "provocatively" phrased, which our tipsters for the verdict of posterity delight to debate. Unless the novelist is a deliberately con-

troversial charlatan, how can his (or her) work be so pigeon-holed as to be segregated from the rest of life? Surely it is because in love we get the closest view of that self-portrait which each of us cherishes in secret that the novelist seeks there to illuminate the main-spring of our actions. If one does not presume to acclaim Colette as "belonging to the ages"—and of course a novel reviewer knows to within a hair's breadth just when a masterpiece fails to achieve immortality—it is because a strangely naive narrowness of feeling constrains her to dilate almost exclusively upon women's sense of their own fascination. Mercifully she does not counterfeit qualities of greatness foreign to her nature and so we get a full measure of all the merits of her limitations. You, gentle reader, and I may live only for spiritual values, but Minne, Colette's heroine, was the sort of predatory little animal whose capricious charm proves irresistible where our more sterling qualities would pass unnoticed. It may be that the doglike devotion of Antoine, her husband, encouraged in her what theologians call "self-love" and psychologists "narcissism." It is her constant reflection which we catch in her mirror where, as it were, over her shoulder we catch occasional glimpses of the little Baron Clouderc and other lovers so hasty in their enjoyment that they left her unsatisfied. Finally, however, with a grimace at herself, she surrenders to Antoine's generosity.

'High Table' may be recommended for all Oxford Senior Common Rooms as likely to bring a little bright colour into their dark lives. Theodore Fletcher, the vicar's son, did not make much of a showing at tennis against Sir Gilbert Oliver's children up at the Hall, but he lent books to Hester Adams down at the "Goat and Compasses," and that is often the way things begin. "Not gently, or diffidently, but on the full tide of passion he took her, her scholar from Oxford, narrow-chested, with stooping shoulders that bespoke the open book, the worn eyes of a reader, and refined, white hands. . . ."

If you had imagined that the weight on his conscience would prevent Theodore from climbing the ladder of promotion, you were reckoning without that *deus ex machina* which P. G. Woodhouse, once and for all, put on the map of fiction as Time the Great Healer. The Warden of St. Mary's had a way of crossing the street without looking for the traffic which presaged, I thought, an easy nemesis for his "past," but it was for Leonard Twigg, Hester's boy, posted to a cadet battalion stationed at Oxford and befriended by Theodore, that Death the Reaper intervened. A tragi-comic surprise sequel rounds off this pleasantly unpretentious study in sentiment.

A comparison between Mr. Crawshaw-Williams's novel and Vicki Baum's 'Grand Hotel' is almost inevitable. But it is only fair to point out that the domestic situations enacted in the various hotel suites are developed here in the author's own individual way. The conduct of the French family installed in Room No. 7 and 8, for instance, is depicted with an admirable realism quite contrary to our legend of Gallic gaiety. There is some rather easy fun at the expense of a prurient spinster with a secret penchant for Aristotle (unexpurgated), but the qualms of the more promiscuous boarders are revealed in turn and there is little cant talked about emancipation.

The Irish are wont to complain that we accept a vaudeville imitation of them as genuine. Legitimate or variety, 'Three Men' proves a pretty thin "turn," but it is something to be spared the romantic transports of *Och! Acushla Mavourneen!* in this slightly prosaic tale of an Irish debating society. Those whom such tepid humour does not convulse may be recompensed by the fact of this being a signed and limited edition. The cheese-paring reader is tempted, however, to reflect that just so many pages chopped out of Mr. James Joyce's 'Ulysses' would cost one-sixth of this price—and what value for money!

REVIEWS

LORD BIRKENHEAD

Our Lord Birkenhead: An Oxford Appreciation.
By Ivor Thomas. Putnam. 5s.

THIS book comes at the outset of the new year to remind us that one of the most interesting figures in the world of public affairs is no longer with us. But he is still so vividly in our minds that we welcome the anecdotes and gossip here purveyed, especially of his earlier life and associations with the University to which he was deeply attached. Mr. Thomas adopts a flippant or ironic style of writing—what he calls “a certain homœopathic arrogance”—which is sometimes racy and sometimes a trifle vexing. But he presents a convincing picture of the man, albeit necessarily incomplete.

There is always a fascination in studying the beginnings of a great career, and in three chapters, giving many particulars of F. E.'s life at Oxford and his links with it, Mr. Thomas has gathered up a good deal of material which will be new to most of us. He acknowledges the access to the minute-books of Wadham Literary Society given him by Mr. A. H. Muir. Through many of the debates recorded we note the curious neck and neck race with Sir John Simon, “of whose making of essays there was no end.” Others who figure in the debates include Mr. Hirst, Mr. Justice Roche and Mr. C. B. Fry. We find the Mr. Smith of those days pointing out that “there should be proportion observed in life between the bright and grave sides of it”; characterizing Tom Paine as “a scatter-brained enthusiast”; and submitting that in Kipling's works there was “a spurious striving after virility.” Two quotations on politics are piquant. The undergraduate of 1893 affected to consider that “to say what is not, is the road to success; and the art of politics is that by which one-third cajoles the other two-thirds.” Touching on Burke's oratory, he thought Burke “carried the theatrical element to excess, but had good excuses for so doing, for he had often inappreciative audiences of stupid Tory squires.”

Some good stories are told of his continuing interest in 'varsity athletics. After he had become Lord Chancellor, he was once dining at Christ Church when one of the other guests was W. R. Milligan, just returned from America, where he had been helping to establish the two miles relay record. Lord Birkenhead was forty-seven at the time, but he offered to run four times round Tom Quad before Milligan ran round eight times, laying three to one on himself in £5 notes. The whole Senior Common Room turned out to watch the event, which was run in evening clothes. The Lord Chancellor won his bet, and it was not so difficult a feat as at first it appeared. On another occasion he challenged Mr. R. H. Beaver of New College, offering to take the lightest man at table on his back and run fifty yards with him before the athlete could run a hundred. But in this case he was persuaded not to make the effort.

The author still presents the current view of the Rectorial address to the students of Glasgow University, which is that “glittering prizes” were said to be awaiting “those who have stout hearts and sharp swords.” This conception of the well-known phrase is so rooted now in the public mind that it will probably persist as long as the speech is remembered. But if the context of the passage is looked at, it is revealed as a prophecy that mankind will continue to settle their disputes by resort to arms, and a warning that there is the more reason to abstain from provocation.

We do not expect in a personal character-study such as this any profound estimate of Lord Birkenhead's influence on the political life of his time; but we notice an interesting chapter on his life as a

lawyer, which reflects the best thought on the subject. He was not an erudite lawyer, though the criticism was often on the lips of those who had little claim to be critics, and gave him excuse for his quip that “poor advocates always call great advocates bad lawyers.” Yet he had an immense faculty for informing himself, and had the virtue to know in what matters he was deficient, so that in the end, as Lord Dunedin has said, the judgments of no judge taken as a whole show a higher average of excellence than his. As a political force, and as a great advocate, he claims the attention of posterity. Mr. Thomas has touched in eloquent words on the fugitive fame of the orator:

The fame of great speeches is apt to die with the last man who heard them. . . . What do the names of Bolingbroke, Somers and Charles Townshend convey to us now? . . . The speaker is like an artist who has painted supremely beautiful work on perishing material.

A. P. NICHOLSON

A GOOD EPICUREAN

The Letters of Saint Evremond. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John Hayward. Routledge. 21s.

THE search for happiness, which makes many people so unhappy, must always seem idle to a good observer, since he will have noticed that, normally, happiness comes without search to anyone who has a gift that will enable him to live by its exercise. The rider has to be added because a gift by which a man can live makes him, so far as one can be, independent of others for his enjoyment, whereas an uncommercial gift, a gift for making the most of life and for finding sufficient pleasure in urbane society and witty conversation, makes a man much more dependent on circumstances beyond his control. Saint Evremond, whose life covered almost the whole of the seventeenth century, was a good Epicurean, and his particular gift for charming people with his conversation was fortunately accompanied by a philosophic mind, since for nearly half his life he lived in exile in England and he never mastered English. Luckily, French was the language of Charles II's court, but one of the interests of the life of Saint Evremond is to see an Epicurean making the best of somewhat unfortunate circumstance. His letters are not only good company: we know that he practised the wisdom that he preached.

Charles Margeutel de Saint Denis Seigneur de Saint Evremond was born, probably in 1616, at the seat of his family in Normandy. As a younger son, he was destined for the law and was educated at Paris and Caen University. Before he was out of his teens, however, the young man entered the army and, after experiences in Italy, distinguished himself in the Thirty Years War. He became popular through his wit, for the army in those days was its appropriate social background and, as Mr. Hayward reminds us, war at that period had not degenerated into a hideous industry of applied science, but was pleasantly interrupted by the annual winter-truce, when the officers could disperse to their respective capitals. There, in Paris, his profession introduced Saint Evremond into the society which he most valued, and it was Gassendi, the philosopher, who led him to study Epicurus and Montaigne, for whom his nature made him a fit disciple. This was the happiest period of his life, for he was one of the company that frequented Ninon de Lenclos, a company that made the enjoyment of life an occupation and an art. Conversation, food, wine and love were cultivated to an extreme refinement, and as Saint Evremond had no trace of jealousy or passion, he was able to see Ninon living entirely in the present without envy of the friends to whom he would introduce her himself. In the field, as in Paris, distinction came to him, until an indiscreet remark compelled him to resign his commission, and his acquaintance with Fouquet led him, later on, to

be exiled when that minister's fall cast suspicion upon his friends. Saint Evremond fled to Holland, whence in 1670 he was invited by Charles II to settle in London, where he lived till his death in 1703. Charles treated him well, and made him Keeper of the Royal Ducks, with a pension.

Some few of his writings attained a certain reputation, but to Saint Evremond, as to men of his type, writing was no more than a distraction of leisure. On the other hand, people applied to him for his opinion; he was regarded as the father and arbiter of French taste in Charles's court; and so some of his letters are little discourses, some written to amuse his friends. The advantage of the wisdom that he possessed was that anyone can practise it, and its humane axioms have a natural charm:

It is more to our interest to enjoy than to know the world.

If a man intends to live happy, he must make but few reflections upon life.

The principal end for which Wisdom was given us was to direct us in the enjoyment of Pleasures.

His own nature was equable, better suited to friendship than to passion, and he was able sincerely to boast of one extraordinary quality: that his reason and his inclination were never opposed. Such a man, clearly, was born to be a philosopher and had no other need than to cultivate the judgment with which he came into the world. He was famous for his friendship both with women and with men, and we must lament that we have no other record than his letters of the companionship with which he could delight his intimates. In his day letter-writing was an important matter; all correspondents then were writers of careful prose; thus we miss in the correspondence of Saint Evremond the sparkle for which he was welcomed in society. Yet he abounds in good sense, and the good sense is engaging. Mr. Hayward, whose introduction was evidently written with enjoyment, provides a vivid and agreeable essay on his subject's life, and he has followed it with a selection of one hundred and forty letters, some of which have been translated, and one to Matthew Prior printed, for the first time. The commentary appended to each letter is brief and to the point, and its position, as a postscript at the end, enables it to be skipped whenever the reader is not curious about the particulars. Mr. Hayward does not claim too much for his hero, but he introduces us to someone who must have been a charming friend, and a man whose judgment must have been trusted by all kinds of people, a sensible person to study to-day. Probably only students of literature will be curious of Saint Evremond's other works, but no one interested in the times of Charles II and in the exiles who formed the Restoration Court will fail to agree that Whitehall was very lucky to have such an example of courtesy and taste to establish its standard. It is long since an English translation was accessible, and this selection will be prized by all who wish to know more of England and Paris in the great days, for so they were in personalities, of the seventeenth century. Epicureanism has this virtue: it makes its disciples sensible and charming. It is an antidote to cant and has nothing in common with the restless pursuit of pleasure.

OSBERT BURDETT

THE IMAGE OF WAR

Foxhunting. By Sir Charles Frederick. Lonsdale Library. 25s.

OSCAR WILDE gave his opinion of foxhunting in eight words: "The pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable." The Lonsdale Library, whose editors seem to have adopted the motto of that Earl of Strafford whose head Charles I had time to remove before he lost his own, devote 368 pages to the subject: no less than twenty-one different authorities

contribute, and the book is beautifully illustrated with photographs and colour-prints.

Several new ideas or, at least, ideas new to the majority, are discussed; doubtless most of us have heard of artificial earths, but how many have heard of bolting foxes with ferrets? On the face of it such an attempt would appear to be an unfortunate one for the ferret, but we are assured that an unmuzzled buck ferret is capable of bolting a fox. Not a fox who knows that seventeen couple or so of animals larger than himself are waiting outside with murderous intent (in which case he, not unnaturally, takes the line of least resistance and kills the ferret), but a fox who suspects nothing and, presumably, merely dislikes the smell of the ferret.

Mr. McNeill, writing of terriers, disapproves of Sealyhams—"too cobby to run, too heavy to carry and too thick to be any use as a hunt terrier." All this is so, but they were not always thus. The "Sealyham" illustrated in Lee's *'Modern Dogs'* (published in 1893) has none of these disabilities. Mr. McNeill states that the present-day show fox terrier is "too tall and, in fact, too big to carry." Yet he supports that show system which is responsible for altering the type of both breeds so that, on his own showing, they are useless for the purpose for which they were intended.

Many authorities give their opinions on hound type and the art of breeding a "sorty" pack. This latter entails in-breeding, for if a pack is to run together, they must be alike in all ways. Major Barclay recommends that the same names should keep reappearing in the fourth or fifth lines of pedigree. As regards the ideal type the old controversy rages: the "provincial" writers prefer a hare foot and springy pastern (like a setter or a greyhound) whereas the Peterborough school likes cat feet, dead straight legs, and pasterns so upright that the hound tends to turn his toes in and stand over on his knees. Several of those illustrated are faulty in this respect.

It is suggested that "Masters of Hounds should show the type of hound that they honestly find does the work best"; an excellent idea, but it is questionable whether Masters will so far differ from the rest of mankind, who show the animal they think most likely to win.

Colonel Borwick says that a diet of "minced raw meat, minced raw vegetables and cod liver oil" cures canine hysteria within a fortnight. If this is invariably so, the entire doggy community should be grateful to him for publishing the fact. As regards Mr. Isaac Bell's chapter on hunting hounds, one feels that, as it is an essential of any sport that the quarry should have a chance of escape, Mr. Bell should be handicapped in some way. He knows so much about foxes—what they do and why they do it—and has caught so many of them, that hounds seem superfluous: he could catch a fox by himself.

The chapter on hunting on foot is most instructive and, to the poor but active, very encouraging. It seems almost incredible that one "foot hunter" should see seventy-six foxes killed in a season, yet such a feat was performed. How many well mounted men have seen so much?

Mr. Richard Clapham, who writes on lake-land hunting, is in favour of the hare foot and of dewclaws. These appendages are normally regarded as being as useless as the human appendix and are, accordingly, removed from puppies at the earliest opportunity, but Mr. Clapham says that they are useful for holding on to slippery rocks and crags. Mr. Pollak's chapter on hunting in Ireland is one of the best things in the book. Two facts strike one: Masters hunt their own hounds in Ireland and digging foxes out is not popular. Hunting, in fact, is a sport, not a social function; therefore it continued throughout "the troubles" and still continues, in spite of the withdrawal of "the military," who used to be one of its mainstays in many counties.

The chapters on Scotland and Wales are also excellent, particularly interesting being the discourse on Welsh hounds.

It is suggested that the old type hound was speeded up in England by a pointer cross: per contra it is commonly believed that the old-time Spanish Pointer, a conscientious but exceedingly slow animal, was speeded up by a cross of foxhound—where, then, did the pace and drive come from? Is it the result of selective breeding in both cases?

The appendices give a glossary of hunting terms and directions for the use of horn and voice: one feels that nothing which could usefully be said has been omitted from the book.

JAMES DICKIE

ITALY IN DECAY

Italy after the Renaissance. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Routledge. 15s.

THE author of this book has broken what is to most English readers fresh ground, and he has done so to some purpose. The Italy of the seventeenth century was not, except very superficially, an attractive land, for its magnificent baroque exterior was a mere façade. Behind the ostentation of the wealthy there was a barbarism that differed but little from that of Northern climes, and a decadent spirit which was to prove one of the greatest problems of the future. An age which could grow excited over a race of naked hunchbacks had travelled a long way from the Renaissance, and it had still further to go before the *Risorgimento* was in sight. Yet so fertile is that wonderful land in great men that even this epoch witnessed the last forty-two years of Galileo's life.

Mr. Collison-Morley has done his work well, and his picture is a faithful one. He is, perhaps, a little too inclined to lay the blame for the decay of Italy at the door of Spain. It is true that Madrid never shows at its best in the administration of overseas possessions, and Spain herself was admittedly decadent in many ways, but Spanish rule had not the same disastrous effects upon the Italian character as that of Austria, which was to follow, and the decline of Italy would in all probability have been just as rapid had no part of the peninsula been in Spanish hands. Even on the author's own showing, Naples and Milan were certainly no worse than Tuscany and the States of the Church. For the rest, the book is admirably done, though a chronological table of the various Popes, Princes and Viceroy's would have been a convenience.

Not the least interesting feature for readers of to-day is the account it contains of the various English travellers who visited Italy, among them being Milton and Evelyn. In contrast with those of the present time they all appear to have taken the trouble to learn Italian, but in other ways they were equally short-sighted, for none of them realized that the country was falling into decay, just as at the end of the following century Arthur Young and Burke could visit France and see no signs of the coming storm. What is remarkable, however, is the magnet that Italy proved even in her decline, and that at a time when travelling entailed discomforts that are hardly even a memory to-day.

Of the political life Mr. Collison-Morley has little to say, but he is of the opinion that before the century closed "the centre of gravity in the peninsula had definitely shifted to Piedmont." In other words, the consumption of the artichoke had begun, and when Charles Emmanuel I called upon the other Italian rulers to aid him to drive out the foreigner, in this case the Spaniard, he initiated a policy from which his successors never deviated. Italy in the seventeenth century looked forward as well as back.

HARD TIMES

Journal of a Somerset Rector. Edited by H. Combs and the Rev. A. N. Bax. Murray. 15s.

JOHN SKINNER, antiquary and rector of Camerton, was a prolific diarist. Ninety-eight volumes of his journal are preserved in the British Museum, but for most readers the selections published in this book will be enough and more than enough. Their study can, however, be recommended to all persons, and particularly to all clergymen, who complain of present times as out of joint.

Skinner's account of life in a country parish between the years 1822 and 1833 is almost incredibly disagreeable. When allowance is made for the domestic misfortunes which crowded upon the wretched man and induced a persecution mania in him, it is still plain that his village was a rustic Gehenna. Visitation of the sick and funerals seem to have been his most frequent duties, and drink and dirt to have been the usual causes of disease or death. One entry records the plight of a cripple in the local poorhouse who had been "left for ten days in his filth, so that maggots had bred in his flesh and eaten great holes in his body." Later, during an outbreak of cholera, the parson proposes some simple sanitary measures and is told that the epidemic is "the Lord's will." Though public sobriety is generally held to have been increasing, until in 1825 Estcourt's Act weakened magisterial control of licensing, there is no sign that it was so among Somerset farmers and miners. Every bell-ringing or hay harvest on the glebe was occasion for a debauch, and sordid tragedies of the ale house are a recurring feature of this journal. After a quarter of a century's residence, Skinner pronounces his parishioners to be as bad as the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. At Bath, he found the streets "crowded with prostitutes, some of them apparently not above fourteen or fifteen years of age."

The hapless rector's only tolerable hours were those spent with books or on archaeological expeditions. One by one, his children died of consumption. While they lived, they were at almost constant strife with him. How far his trials affected his religious faith is not easy to gauge, but, from some observations on a charge delivered by the Bishop of Gloucester, it can be inferred that his orthodoxy suffered, though in a surprising fashion, for it is of "the Angels of Darkness" that he announces incredulity. Human nature, as he saw it, needed no external impetus to evil. In other respects, he continued writing as a staunch Churchman. Viewing Wesley as "an ambitious adventurer," he fought Methodism as angrily and as vainly as the other vices rampant in his parish. Popery enraged him, particularly when met in the person of one Day, a reluctant tithe-payer, and he trembled for the State when Wellington and Peel surrendered on emancipation. But his extreme bitterness of mind is revealed by a concluding remark on this controversy. "If," he wrote, "the Government were to support the Catholics, and make that the sole religion, I cannot but acknowledge the people would be kept in better order." Some seven years after the last extract from his journals, Skinner took his own life in a coppice near the rectory.

D. WILLOUGHBY

JANE FOR JANEITES

Jane Austen: Her Life, Her Work, Her Family and Her Critics. By R. Brimley Johnson. Dent. 15s.

IT is curious how people react to Jane Austen's novels; some find them insipid, some enjoy them, some go crazy over them, a few cannot bear them. I know of one writer who finds a single page of Jane

Austen an invaluable soporific; while Kipling makes Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott come forward to receive her in Heaven. It was Kipling, indeed, who first made many people realize that Jane Austen could become something of a cult. 'The Janeites' is a pleasant yarn, the kind of zestful exaggeration for which he has a special genius and licence. But apart from being a pleasant yarn, it appears to have become part of the Janeites' canonical literature, and the name, given probably more in exuberance than seriousness, has been eagerly adopted. I do not know whether the sales of the Austen novels have gone up since the appearance of this story in 'Debits and Credits,' but it must have made some converts. The old private devotees of any service are usually given a fresh access of enthusiasm, as well as a corporate existence by the invention of a name; and one may suppose this happened here.

Mr. Brimley Johnson has amply earned the title of arch-Janeite. He is, of course, well known as a critic; an indefatigable editor of reprinted classics, he has brought out more than one edition of her works. He has also published two previous critical studies of her life and work. The present book naturally overlaps the earlier ones to some extent, but in the main it appears as a development and a supplement; comparison of the three gives the impression that he is continually finding new and richer aspects of his subject.

A critical study of Jane Austen or anybody else is best written by someone who, having absorbed his subject, distils understanding; another kind, soaked in Jane, would drip Janeism. This book belongs to the first sort, but never quite shakes off a suspicion of the second, for the author is a frank zealot. Her forty-two years were of the uneventful sort which is hardest to describe except by her own ivory-miniature methods—few writers' works have been so closely akin to their life. The author of this study, indeed, continually uses passages from Jane Austen's writings to illustrate her own life, but he overquotes in doing so. Biography and literary interpretation must each suffer by being so intricately mingled as in Mr. Johnson's method, though his understanding cannot be denied. He traces excellently her development from the lively and malicious wit of the early burlesques (on which he is probably the foremost authority); through 'Northanger Abbey,' that flower of parody; through the mellowing humour of the chief novels; to 'Persuasion,' in which cool Jane Austen came near to dealing with something strangely akin to passion and personal experience. But it is going a bit too far to talk of her having "the heart of a Romantic."

THE PERSIAN MIND

Eastward to Persia. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.
With a Foreword by the Aga Khan. Wright and Brown. 12s. 6d.

MAKING an opportune appearance and, as the Aga Khan points out in the foreword he contributes, interpreting Persian history and culture from the Oriental point of view, 'Eastward to Persia' deserves the attention of all who visit the great exhibition of Persian Art and Crafts at Burlington House; for a people's art is only to be understood by those who know something of the general culture from which it arose. Although it is a far cry from the Persia of to-day to the Persia of the Great King, the ruins of Persepolis alone would demonstrate that in all the changes of religion and government, and even of racial elements which the country has known, there has been a demonstrable continuity in its art from the days when the Persian Empire embraced the whole of Hither Asia and Egypt.

The Sirdar opens his story with a description of the geography of the country, which is followed by a very concise and necessarily perfunctory history of Persia down to modern times. His pre-history is not a little puzzling. Why, for instance, does he conjecture that Zoroastrianism originated in Mitanni? or that the religion of the Aryan people was inspired by Babylonia? However, it is modern Persia to which this introduction leads us, and here the Sirdar is on firm ground. Even so, however, the charm of the book does not lie in its history, but in its interpretation of Persia to the West. There are interesting chapters on Persian folklore, customs, superstitions, mysticism and magic, and an illuminating discussion of the present ferment in religious ideas. But the chapters that will appeal most to English readers are the survey of Persian poetry, and the comparison between the poetry of East and West that follows it.

It may seem at first that the Sirdar is more concerned to point to the differences that divide the occidental poet from his oriental brother, and his sudden exclamation: "We have no use for your 'light that never was on land or sea,'" is disconcerting indeed, for one would have thought that here was a line that might be interpreted, even if in devious ways. Presently, however, it is seen that the words are interpreted as conveying something of the silver mist and wan lilies which to the Sirdar are typical of our country; of the half-lights and shadows which contrast so violently with the burning sunlight and the brilliant colour of the East. But if in this chapter, in which the great Persian poets are illustrated by spirited and satisfying metrical translations, the cleavage between us is insisted upon, it is in quite a different mood that the Sirdar approaches those of our poets whom he loves best—Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth; and English readers will recognize that here we have fine and sensitive criticism and a demonstration that if in the common walks of life East and West may be poles asunder, they may meet on the heights where mind calls to mind and the answers are indistinguishable from echoes.

The book, which is well illustrated, concludes with chapters on Persian architecture, music and carpet weaving, and brief articles on railways and petroleum.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA

The House of the Temple: A Study of Malta and Its Knights in the French Revolution.
By Frederick W. Ryan. Burns and Oates. 25s.

MR. RYAN has given us a learned if somewhat diffuse history of the Knights of Malta during the closing years of their occupation of the island, which on the capitulation of Rhodes had been granted them by Charles V. The book opens with a brief account of the famous Order, its origins, its constitution and its years of importance as a maritime outpost of Europe in the long struggle with the Turk. This, however, is but introductory to the later chapters which deal with the Order in the years when it had become a military anachronism and, save for its hospital, without any real reason for its continued existence. The Order began with a hospital and lives, in so far as it does live, to carry on its traditions of succour in association with the work of the Red Cross.

Not only has Mr. Ryan concentrated on these later years; he is mainly concerned with them in relation to the unfortunate entanglement of the Order with the French Revolution through the French members, who being, owing to the essential constitution of the Order, of the Haute Noblesse, were, of course, monarchists and active participants in all the attempts against the Revolution. The warnings and entreaties of the international governing body in Malta had no effect; yet,

for all its known sympathies and activities, the Order of Malta survived through the earlier years of the Revolution, and it was not till 1792 that its property was confiscated and not till the following year that the Knights were proscribed. Incidentally to his story of the Order in France, Mr. Ryan gives us a very interesting and well documented account of the Temple, which, originally a stronghold of the Knights Templar, passed after the suppression of that Order in 1313 into the hands of the Hospitallers, who became known to the populace of Paris as the Chevaliers du Temple. It was in the fortress of the Temple that Louis XVI and his Queen passed their last days, and from it they went to their deaths.

After the seizure of their property and proscription of their lives many of the French Knights with members of their families fled to Malta, where the Order was hard put to it to maintain so large an addition to the numbers under its protection, particularly at the moment when its income from French sources had stopped, and the Order as a Sovereign State ceased to exist.

THE WAR IN THE LEVANT

History of the Great War—Military Operations Egypt and Palestine. From June 1917 to the End of the War. By Captain Cyril Falls. The Stationery Office. 2 Vols. £1. Maps in a separate case and compiled by Major A. F. Becke. 10s.

ONLY a limited section of the general public is aware of the special conditions which influenced the Palestine Campaign. The areas involved were relatively enormous, for whereas the Arab forces, operating for the most part on the East of the Jordan, covered a distance of about 750 miles from near Medina to the North of Aleppo, the British troops actually advanced some 370 miles between October 1917 and October 1918. Plans and movements were often influenced by the lack of water, want of adequate means of communication and the temperature, which in the Jordan Valley sometimes rose to 120° in the shade. And, while rest camps and amusements existed for the men in Egypt, home leave was entirely out of the question owing to the distance and shortage of transport.

These and countless other conditions are dealt with in the two volumes at present under review. Captain Falls here continues the story he began in an earlier section of his official history, and now deals with the whole time for which Sir Edmund Allenby (now Lord Allenby) was in command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. That period was made up of three phases, namely, of the operations between October and December 1917, which led to the capture of Jerusalem, of the fighting in the Jordan Valley and the raids into Trans-Jordan, which lasted from February until May 1918, and of the final advance to Aleppo and beyond, which took place between September 19 and the Turkish armistice.

The author takes a strictly impartial view as between the arguments always put forward by the "Easterners" and "Westerners"; he places the fundamental and far-reaching importance of this campaign in its proper proportions and he rightly explains that Turkey was not forced out of the war by our action in Palestine alone, since her defeat there was only one of a series inflicted almost simultaneously upon the Central Powers. The efficiency, moral influence and strength of character of Sir Edmund Allenby are given due credit, the importance of General Smuts's visit paid to the Middle East early in 1918 on behalf of the Government is adequately brought out, and Captain Falls shows that this campaign was essentially one of movement. In short, the author deals with day to

day events, tactics, strategy and world events in a way which can only evoke praise.

The contents of such a book are of necessity somewhat serious, but they are brightened up by many interesting stories and by a limited number of splendid photographs. The general index and the separate index to arms, formations and units are excellent, the numerous sketches or plans, bound in the two main volumes, are entirely adequate, and the twenty-three maps, contained in a special case and sold separately, leave nothing to be desired. H. CHARLES WOOD

BANDIT OR HERO?

From White Cross to Red Flag. By Max Hoelz. Translated by F. A. Voigt. Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE autobiography of Max Hoelz, the waiter, soldier and revolutionary leader—as he calls himself in the subtitle—has been received in Germany very similarly to Remarque's war novel 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' Like that book, it found either extremely enthusiastic or utterly disgusted criticisms. "A lamentable image of human malice," writes the German nationalist press, while Thomas Mann considers him "a hero of his time."

It is, indeed, extraordinarily difficult to apply any of the traditional psychological terms to this entirely unusual character. We should be rather inclined to say that Max Hoelz was personally absolutely convinced of the purity of his aims and the unselfishness of his deeds. He felt himself to be almost the saviour of the proletariat. Unconsciously, however, his destroying death instincts—to use the Freudian term—which, in consequence of his whole education and previous way of living, had been completely suppressed, urgently strove for an outlet. The revolutionary leader Max Hoelz appears, therefore, judging from his own account, to be a very strange mixture of genuine idealism and savage instincts.

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His life story is, however, not only interesting from the psychological point of view. It also throws much light on the common workman's reaction to governmental policy and does a good deal in explaining the essence of revolutionary movements. So, for instance, the connexion between the criminal instincts—which, by the way, find another kind of satisfaction in war—and revolutionary practice is particularly striking.

Beyond all political problems, we enjoy here a quite unusually thrilling adventure story. Childhood in sheer poverty, desperate struggle to learn a handicraft, running away to London, disappointments in Berlin, all the time a pious Christian and enthusiastic member of the Y.M.C.A., breakdown during the war, feared leader of many Communist revolts in Central Germany, imprisonment and incessant maltreatment, and eventual release. The clumsy and somehow slightly childish style in which these exciting experiences are written makes the whole narrative only the more convincing and attractive.

THE BULL MOOSE

Theodore Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship, 1880-1919. By Owen Wister. Macmillan. 18s.

OWEN WISTER, since he became famous with his 'Pentecost of Calamity,' is a name with which to conjure. This name on the title-page, in conjunction with that of Roosevelt, will send many to this volume, which, indeed, well deserves attention, in spite of the fact that it is, perhaps, unduly discursive. This is the worst, indeed the only serious fault that can be brought against this volume of reminiscences, which is, to a considerable degree, more personal than political; and yet it is all the more interesting.

Mr. Wister had his first sight of the future President of the United States in 1879, when, at the spring meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association, Roosevelt won a lightweight sparring match against W. W. Coolidge. Acquaintance later ripened into friendship. "The next time I saw him was in the White House. For the second time it was a question of forests in the West. Alice rushed in from somewhere to say 'How d'ye do?' and rushed out. I went on explaining about Wind River, and Alice rushed in, got something, and rushed out. Just as I approached the end of my explanation, she flew in again. . . . 'Why don't you look after Alice more?' a friend once asked Roosevelt. 'Listen,' he said, 'I can be President of the United States—or—I can look after Alice.'"

"England came in, the Great War was on, and Woodrow Wilson asked us to be neutral even in thought," says Mr. Wister, who, scrupulously honest, admits, "At that moment, neutrality was exactly right." Knowledge of the doctrine of 'Frightfulness,' and how it had been translated into action by the Kaiser's soldiers in Belgium, had come to the United States, but Wilson contented himself with sending over an American deputation to report upon its truth. It was fortunate that Hughes was defeated as Republican candidate in 1916, for, says Mr. Wister, "no Republican, no one else except Woodrow Wilson, could have carried through his Conscription Bill in 1917: it was a splendid achievement." Wilson's monument will be the League of Nations, the author declares, and Wilson, being as a rule stubborn, it is all the more to his credit that, having opposed it when Taft, Root, and other eminent men were advocating it, he came at last to give it his blessing.

And at the end Mr. Wister's heart goes out to the man whom he has belaboured: "The figure of Roosevelt is not a tragic one to think about, now that everything is over; the figure of Woodrow Wilson seems to me the most tragic in our history: assuredly the fragment of a great man, whose deeds too often fell below the level of his words."

A NEW ST. PAUL

The Adventure of Paul of Tarsus. By the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

SOME people, doubtless, are already familiar with what Prebendary Mackay has to say about St. Paul, but it is a good thing that his ideas should have been given to the world at large in attractive book form. "Ideas" they certainly are, for he has a fertile imagination, and he allows it considerable rein, not by any means wholly to our disadvantage. It may be questioned, however, whether its use is always legitimate. The passage about the child Jesus praying in Palestine for the child Saul of Tarsus seems to be another indication of the tendency of Catholicism to lead even honest men into the errors of either Apollinarius or Eutyches. But the book must be taken as a whole, as the work of a poetic mind, and, in general, there is sound scholarship behind it. The writer has made good use of a visit to Syria and Palestine; his descriptions of the country, and the fanciful picture he draws of St. Paul's journeyings thereabouts are exhilarating and, at times, fascinating.

Here and there our Anglo-Catholic reveals himself as a very liberal one—perhaps modernist. There is nothing in his description of St. Paul's conversion which would be hard to reconcile with Canon Streeter's account, and with the psychological standpoint adopted in a work like 'The Spirit' (to which, no doubt, this book owes something). Prebendary Mackay is essentially honest. He writes: "St. Paul never appealed to this occasion" (the laying on of hands at Antioch) "for his commission; he always insisted that our Lord Himself had made him an apostle directly."



THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX

THE moral deduced by the Master of Fables from the story of the Wild Boar and the Fox is "That it is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it."

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SHORTER NOTICES

All That For Nothing. By Lady Terrington. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.

THAT the organization of homicide should result in the disorganization of morals seems an historic if mysterious fact. 'All That For Nothing' is concerned with the influence of the War to End War on the girlhood of the time and shows that it resulted in women loving men with as much energy and as little reason as men hated each other. The picture is somewhat over-coloured, but Lady Terrington writes with an easy style and her story will interest those who have a sympathetic understanding of the special material and the emotional problems of that time. Although this is not a war book in the accepted meaning of the term, it deals with a very important aspect of life in war, and we presume that Lady Terrington's interpretation of this aspect is essentially true. Certain of her heroines believe and acted upon Fisher's maxim, "Prudence in war is imbecility," and their unconventional lives must have had interesting consequences thereafter.

Trodden Ways: 1895-1930. By Sir Ian Malcolm. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

SIR IAN MALCOLM has trodden many and diverse ways in the last thirty-five years, and this volume brings together a number of records, usually written at once, of things seen and heard in various parts of the world. He has to tell of electioneering and parliamentary experiences, of visits to Russia in 1896 and again in 1916, and of impressions in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Iceland, Burma, Egypt, the Sudan, and Jamaica. He writes readably but without great distinction of superficial aspects (it is typical that in Russia in 1916 he discerned no hint of the growing unrest of war-weariness), and is at his best in writing of outstanding events—as the coronation of the last Tsar at Moscow in 1896, or the defeat of Clemenceau in the French Presidential Election of 1920—or when he describes some little-known place or ceremony, such as the festival of Rothenburg held in celebration of a seventeenth-century "hero" who saved the city by draining a mighty tankard at one draught.

Luci Mazziniane nel Sindacalismo Nazionale. By Alice Calimberti. Co-operativa "Pensiero e Azione." 10 Lire.

THIS work treats of a subject that is by no means as well known to English readers as it should be, namely, syndicalism and its manifold ramifications. The object of the author is to trace, first, the conflict between the economic theories of Mazzini and Marx, and secondly, the influence of the former upon recent Fascist legislation. She shows how Mazzini regarded work as ennobling, while Marx looked upon it as degrading, and in this contrast of attitude lies the difference between Socialism and Fascism. The book also contains many references to the legislation of other countries, and it is a particularly stimulating work. In spite of our preoccupation with labour and economic questions in Great Britain, singularly little real thought has been given to them as yet, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this book will soon find a translator, so that the latest Italian researches in this field may be available to a wider circle than can study them in the original.

The Papyrus Ebers. By Cyril G. Bryan. Bles. 10s. 6d.

THIS is the first English version of the famous Papyrus which bears the name of the distinguished German Egyptologist who acquired it. Dating from

the years 1553-1550 B.C., though probably deriving from a far older original, this Papyrus, being a complete treatise and in almost perfect condition, may truly be said, as Mr. Bryan claims, to be the oldest book in the world. There are older papyri, but they are but fragments, often mere tatters, of their original state. The Papyrus Ebers is an Egyptian treatise on medicine, with a few notes on surgery and anatomy as it was known. It combines a jargon of incantation and a series of prescriptions, in which castor oil seems to be the only useful ingredient, though it may be that some other of the herbs and extracts had proved their efficacy in the course of centuries of trial and error. In the main, however, the ingredients are obviously magical and of the witches' cauldron type. It is this magical element in ancient medicine, no doubt, that checked the growth of a real science, for the Egyptians with their knowledge of the dead body should have arrived at a much sounder anatomy than this treatise exhibits. In an interesting introduction Professor Elliot Smith explains that, irrational as this magical treatment appears to us, it arose quite rationally from the prevalent beliefs of the time.

Toussaint Louverture. By Michel Vaucaire. Firmin-Didot. 15 fcs.

NO biography of the first great negro could fail to be interesting, and M. Vaucaire is too accomplished a master of his craft ever to be dull for a moment, though his methods are at times more reminiscent of a film scenario than of sober history. On the other hand, the portrait of Toussaint Louverture is an exceedingly good one. The old coachman, who defeated the armies of France and for a brief space ruled Haiti, possessed that virtue of moderation in the

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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1930

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012	
Reserve Fund	14,248,012	
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) £397,477,229	401,450,635	
Balances due to Affiliated Companies	3,973,406	
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	16,271,676	
Engagements	9,038,516	
ASSETS		
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	47,219,369	
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	15,119,408	
Money at Call & Short Notice	21,716,360	
Investments at or under Market Value	38,671,575	
Bills Discounted	83,922,558	
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	203,582,971	
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd.:—		
Loans on behalf of Clients	87,196	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Guaranteed Loans Account	1,800,000	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	25,310,192	
Bank Premises at Head Office & Branches	8,978,290	
Other Properties & work in progress for extension of the business	1,568,301	
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,497,962	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,992,542	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,407,748	
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	382,379	

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C. 2

moment of victory which is usually denied to his race, and his dignity in captivity was equally remarkable, and for the same reason. M. Vaucaire does not spare his own countrymen, who certainly did not appear at their best in Haiti, and it is impossible to feel sympathy for any of them, save perhaps Pauline Bonaparte. Louverture's career would have been remarkable for a white man in any age and country, but it was doubly so for a black, and this new biography is to be welcomed. Not least among the merits of this work is an extensive bibliography.

Carleton's Country. By Rose Shaw. Foreword by Shane Leslie. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 5s.

FOR those who know William Carleton's studies of Irish life only by repute, Miss Shaw has added to her admirable first-hand account of the present-day descendants of the peasants he knew so intimately and described so faithfully three of his sketches, and these alone will bear out Mr. Shane Leslie's claim for him as the supreme Irish novelist. As Mr. Leslie says, "Miss Edgeworth's finished artistry pales before his rich torrential canvas, and she never found herself very far beyond the Castle and the Hall. Lever dissipated himself for a perennial after-dinner audience. Lover was Lever running to seed. Lady Morgan was an ambitious Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Hall wrote for a Baedeker unborn. None of them had ever lived in a cabin or known Irish as a spoken tongue." Carleton's peasants lived in the mountainous country of South Tyrone and Monaghan, and here Miss Shaw has sought and found, even in these later days, men and women whose speech and thought and lives still breathe much of the spirit of that earlier day. Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid her is to say, and it is sooth, that her sketches are worthy of the company in which they are set. The little book is charmingly illustrated with photogravure reproductions of photographs taken by the author.

ART

THE LEGER GALLERIES

BY ADRIAN BURY

IF the Leger Galleries continue their policy of searching for the work of lesser-known contemporary artists, they will be doing a service not only to painters and sculptors but to the discriminating public who want to collect at reasonable prices. The second exhibition of this series fulfils the promise of the first. With the exception of one or two silly things, the general level of painting at this show is a high one.

But this time it is reinforced by some admirable sculpture by Mr. Barny Seale, whose work has already attracted considerable attention here and in America. This sculptor has real technical ability both in modelling and carving, and his sense of drama, the indispensable quality of all great sculpture, is powerfully apparent in such a bust as 'Sinister Head.' This is a masterly comment on life which fascinates us not by any fortuitous or meretricious cleverness, but by a profound knowledge of the face and head. Mr. Seale is a new force in English sculpture. He is a young man and his career will be followed with interest. Another piece of sculpture of merit is Mr. Francis Doyle's bronze head of an old man.

Among the painters, Mr. John Flanagan's portraits are handled in a fluid and intelligent way. He has a vital colour sense and an understanding of character which make his work conspicuous. Mr. Flanagan is an impulsive painter, but perhaps this is his best quality. Surely he has only arrived at such dexterity

by continuous effort and concentration. The studies of a fair-haired girl and 'Bill' are excellent.

The paintings and etchings of Mr. Joseph Simpson will be increasingly admired and collected. He is an artist whose work could never be commonplace. The landscape with a mountain range, which he exhibits at the Leger Galleries, is confident in design and luminous in colour. He has simplified the facts of nature without sacrificing the spirit of scene.

Mr. Anton Lock again sends several pictures of horses in action, or at rest. To those who can appreciate the value of pure form Mr. Lock's work must appeal. He seeks to convey in the simplest language all the strength, suppleness, docility and pathos of the horse. The artist has a scientific approach to his subject. There is nothing pretty or picturesque about his work, but when he shows us horses pulling a heavy load he can remind us very forcibly how mankind has tamed and dominated animals, and this is Mr. Lock's gift. He compels us to think. He asks us to sympathize.

There are several examples of the work of Mr. Arnold Mason, whose sincerity produces a style that is unmistakable. His pictures of the Mediterranean are instinct with a love of colour and a feeling for atmosphere. The artist's self-portrait is a most sensitive and conscientious piece of work.

A little masterpiece in tinted line, the drawing by Mr. Ardizzone, is for the connoisseur who enjoys the work of the great satirists and caricaturists. The two men seated at the table are exquisitely drawn. Mr. Ardizzone has some kinship with the best French pen draughtsmen. I recommend also the blithe landscape by Miss Estelle Rice of the garden in the hotel at Cap D'Antibes. Miss Rice is a modern who knows what she is doing.

Other contributors to this collection whose pictures are worthy of attention are Mr. Richard Murry, Mr. Soski, Miss Fairlie Harmar and Mr. John Ledward.

Books

BOOKS.—100,000 in Stock on all subjects. Please state wants and ask for Catalogue No. 440, which is a list of New Books at much reduced prices suitable for Christmas Presents. Below are a few very special bargains new as published and post free for cash.

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 George Frederic Handel, His Personality and His Times by Newman Flower with over 50 illus. in Colour and Black-and-White. 1923. (A book for all lovers of Handel's Music.) 25s. for 11s. 6d.
 Sir Richard Burton's Tales from the Gulistan. 1928. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d. Curious illus.
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 Dostoevsky: The Man and his Work by Julius Meier-Graeffe. 1928. 25s. for 10s. 6d.
 A Dickens Dictionary by A. J. Philip and W. Laurence Gadd. 1928. 21s. for 9s. 6d.
 D. H. Lawrence. Mornings in Mexico. 1927. 7s. 6d. for 4s.
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 Love Smugglers and Naval Heroes by L. B. Behrens. Illus. 1929. 7s. 6d. for 3s. 6d.
 The Great Days of Sail by Andrew Shewan, with 16 illus. 1927. 10s. 6d. for 6s.
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ACROSTICS

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 459

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, January 22)

YELLOW AND RED THE COLOURS THEY DISPLAY;
SEEK THEM IN CORNFIELDS ANY JULY DAY.
ONE AS "CHRYSANTHEMUM" THE LEARNED KNOW.
WE HAD THE OTHER JUST NINE MONTHS AGO.

1. A stag will serve us, if we make it Latin.
2. Young Danish lord: no "part to tear a cat in."
3. V.R. will guide you, but ignore the V.
4. What Greek at Troy more eloquent than he?
5. Hatched but to swell the Highland sportsman's bag.
6. Decamp. Strange word, invented by some wag.
7. Always get left: you'll know me by this token.
8. Half of what's much more often cracked than broken.
9. Each night Auld-Reekie heard this warning shout.
10. John used to, and we had to rout him out.
11. The banquet ended, this will go the round.
12. We make you finger yours, Miss, I'll be bound!

Solution of Acrostic No. 457

W	appenscha	W ¹	1 See 'Old Mortality,' chap. i.
A	llopat	H ²	2 A word coined by Hahnemann to distinguish the orthodox medical practitioners from Homeopaths.
T	enebros	E ³	3 Brose or Brewis is a kind of broth common in Scotland.
E	picur	E	4 'Twelfth Night,' ii, 3.
R	ecessiona	L	
I		Bex	
N	icotian	A	
G	inge	R ⁴	
C	alumniato	R	
A	montillad	O	
buN	galo	W	

ACROSTIC No. 457.—The winner is Mr. A. de V. Blathwayt, Bath and County Club, Bath, who has selected as his prize 'Bach,' by Rutland Boughton, published by Kegan Paul and reviewed in our columns by John Filmer on January 3, under the title 'The Marxian's Bach.' Two other solvers named this book, twelve chose 'Jutland: A Fragment of Epic,' ten 'Philippa,' etc., etc.,

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Boskerris, Carlton, J. Chambers, Clam, Farsdon, Fossil, Gean, Glamis, Iago, Madge, Martha, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stucco, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, E. Barrett, Winifred Beal, Bolo, Boris, Charles G. Box, Ruth Carrick, Bertram R. Carter, C. C. J., Estela, Jeff, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Mango, J. F. Maxwell, Met, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, Peter, Rabbits, Rand, A. E. Spark, St. Ives, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. R. Alvarez, Miss Carter, D. L., A. M. W. Maxwell, Rho Kappa, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolsley. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 10 solvers; Light 7, 9; Light 1, 8; Light 6, 5; Lights 9 and 10, 3; Lights 8 and 11, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 455.—One Light wrong: Lady Mottram. CARLTON, MADGE, MANGO, STUCCO.—Your solutions of No. 456 reached us late, but were acknowledged last week.

GEAN.—"Dead man" is not a compound word, and is therefore inadmissible as a Light. The Imperial Dictionary hyphens *dead-men* in the sense of "bottles emptied at a carouse," but such are still among "those that are," on this side of the Atlantic.

E. BARRETT.—We shall not be issuing an Acrostic Leaflet this year. Glad to know that you find our acrostics so interesting!

ST. IVES.—No doubt *brose* is not identical with "Scotch broth," but the C.O.D. says that *Brose* is the same as *Brewis*, which means Broth.

W. BEAL and C. G. BOX.—Alicant or Alicante is a dark wine, according to the Imperial Dictionary, which does not give *Alicanto*.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

IN these days, when City opinion is wallowing in a Slough of Despond, the general tendency is to magnify the many adverse factors which undoubtedly exist, and to overlook entirely such favourable indications as may be presented. It is suggested that this probably explains the fact that the announcement of several new Trust companies being created has passed without the significance of this movement being adequately appreciated and commented upon. In boom-times, it is extremely common for large numbers of new Trust companies to be formed. Evidence of this is provided by the number of such companies that were registered in this country in 1928 and in America during the last six months of Wall Street's mad boom. On reflection it will be appreciated, however, how very much wiser it must be for Trust companies to be formed when share values are depreciated, and how much more likely they are to secure attractive investments than when they find themselves forced to utilize their capital in a time of inflated share values. The fact that more than one really first-class Trust company group is now proposing to raise fresh capital can be taken as an indication that those responsible—and they number some of the ablest judges of investment values in the City—consider that if values are not actually at the bottom, they are not very far off this anxiously awaited position. This is probably the most encouraging sign we have seen, for some while. It will be interesting in a year's time to see how these companies have fared. It is suggested that their shareholders will have every reason for satisfaction.

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ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

It is the exception rather than the rule for space in these notes to be devoted to Mining companies. During 1930 an exceptional amount of space was, however, devoted to the prospects of Ashanti Goldfields, the possibilities of these shares having been drawn to the attention of readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW on no fewer than seven occasions. It is, therefore, gratifying to note that the company has proved worthy of this attention in the results it has achieved, and that the shares have proved so profitable a purchase that their price has advanced very materially. That this advance is justified is illustrated by the fact that the directors, who have always adopted a conservative policy in the past, have declared a final dividend, bringing the total distribution for the year up to 100 per cent., and, in addition, recommend the distribution of a bonus of one share free for every two shares held. The nominal value of these shares is 4s., and net profits for the first three months of the company's present financial year show that earnings are slightly over 100 per cent. on the increased capital.

While there is always an element of speculation in a Mining share of this nature, and, being a quartz proposition, it is difficult to foreshadow the length of the life of the mine with any degree of accuracy, it is felt that these Ashanti shares are well worth retaining, as when they are quoted ex dividend and ex rights, they should be standing at a level that should appear attractive.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO

In the course of the next few weeks the report of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland Ltd. for the year ended October 31 last will be issued. Last year shareholders received an interim dividend of 7 per cent., a final dividend of 8½ per cent. and a bonus of 7½ per cent., making a total of 23 per cent., all free of tax. For the year ended October 31 last an interim dividend of 7 per cent. has been paid. I do not think there should be any doubt that the final dividend and bonus will be at least maintained at last year's level. Moreover, it is suggested that profits, which last year totalled no less than £9,967,008, will show a further increase this year and be well over the ten million mark. Although Imperial Tobacco shares have remained, comparatively speaking, steady during recent months, during the past week they have been seriously depressed as a result of the pessimistic speech made by the Chairman of the British-American Tobacco Company at the general meeting held a few days ago. While general decreased spending power may adversely affect Imperial Tobacco results for 1931, I do not think there is any cause for serious uneasiness. Further, although it is possible that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have designs on the tobacco industry in his next Budget, the Imperial Tobacco Company supplies what has almost become a national necessity, and the company is so soundly and conservatively run that it is felt its shares, despite these possibilities, must constitute a very sound industrial holding.

OLYMPIA

The capital of Olympia Limited, the company formed in 1929 to acquire the freehold land and buildings at West Kensington known as Olympia and adjacent properties, includes 850,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1. While these Preference shares cannot be ranked in the first flight of industrial investments, it is suggested that they should prove a satisfactory holding for mixing purposes. Olympia is a unique property, inasmuch as it is the only building available in the Metropolis for really large exhibitions. The company holds a contract from the Department of Overseas Trade under which the Government agrees to hold the British Industries Fair at Olympia for a period of ten years. In addition, it is unthinkable that such time-honoured institutions as the Military Tournament, the Horse Show, the Motor Show, and the Ideal Home Exhibition, to name but a few, should not be continued, and Olympia is apparently the only suitable building for these purposes. It is suggested that for these reasons the dividend on these Preference shares is well secured, and, in the circumstances, attention is drawn to them.

ILFORD

Another Preference share in a similar category which should not be overlooked is the 6½ per cent. Cumulative "A" Preference share of Ilford Limited, the well-known manufacturers of photographic plates, papers and films. Profits for the year ended October 31 last showed an increase for the seventh year in succession to £133,218, which compared with £121,512 in 1929. Ordinary shareholders have received 15 per cent. in dividends for the last two years on the 574,200 £1 Ordinary shares, which rank behind the Preference shares to which reference is now being made.

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